NO. 4

FAT AND SLAT

featuring

"COMICS" McCORMICK

("THE WORLD'S NO. 1 COMIC BOOK FAN")

AN ENTERTAINING EC COMIC

FAT and SLAT "GAG" CONTEST WINNERS ANNOUNCED IN THIS BIG ISSUE!

10¢

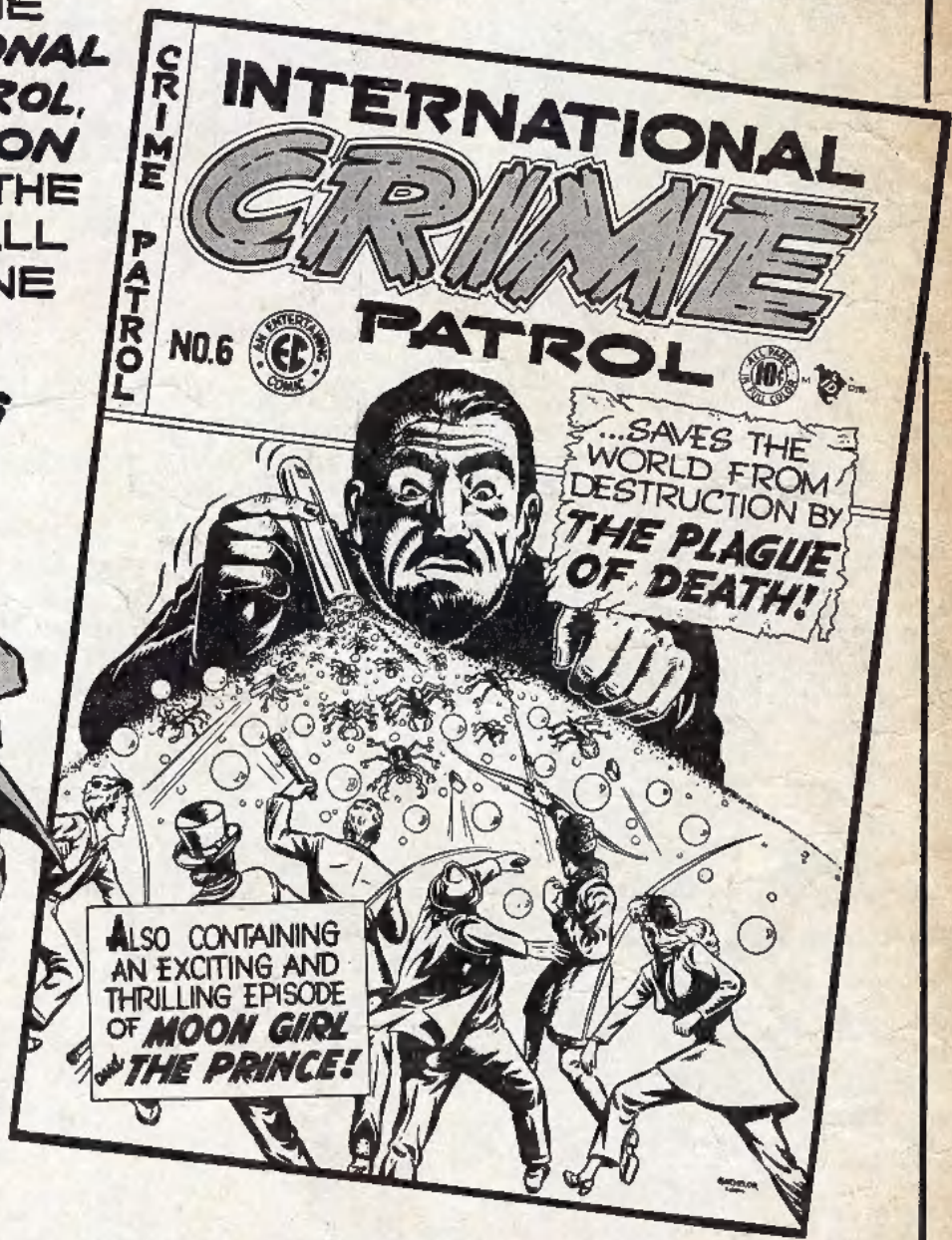
BY Ed Wheelan

M ID DIS

STAND BACK OCTOPUS-MAN OR I'LL BLAST YA WITH MY ATOMIC RAY GUN!!

GANGWAY!

— FOR THE *INTERNATIONAL CRIME PATROL*, PLUS *MOON GIRL* AND THE *PRINCE*... ALL IN THIS ONE **BIG**, *EXCITING* BOOK!



AN ENTERTAINING EC COMIC

ON SALE AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND!

AN ENTERTAINING EC COMIC

Fat and Slat, Spring 1948—Vol. 1, No. 4. Published Quarterly by Fables Publishing Co., Inc., at 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y. Ivan Klapper, Editor. Entered as second class matter June 10, 1947 at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the Act of March 3, 1879. One year subscription in the U. S. 40c plus 10c postage—total 50c—elsewhere $1.00. Entire contents copyrighted 1948 by Fables Publishing Co., Inc. Printed in U. S. A.

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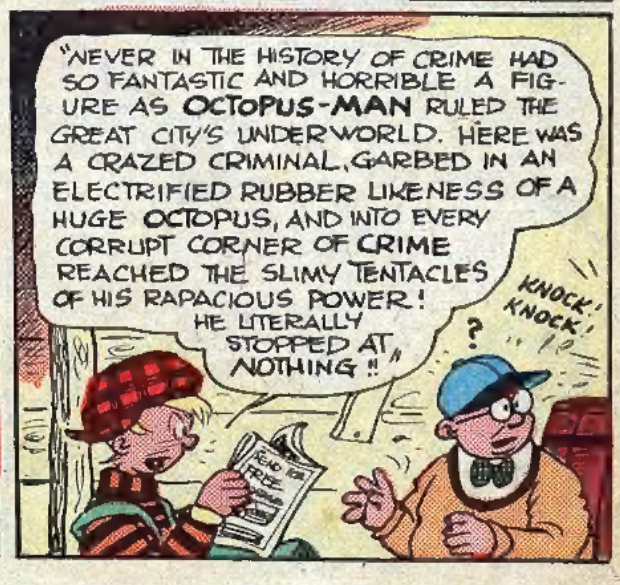
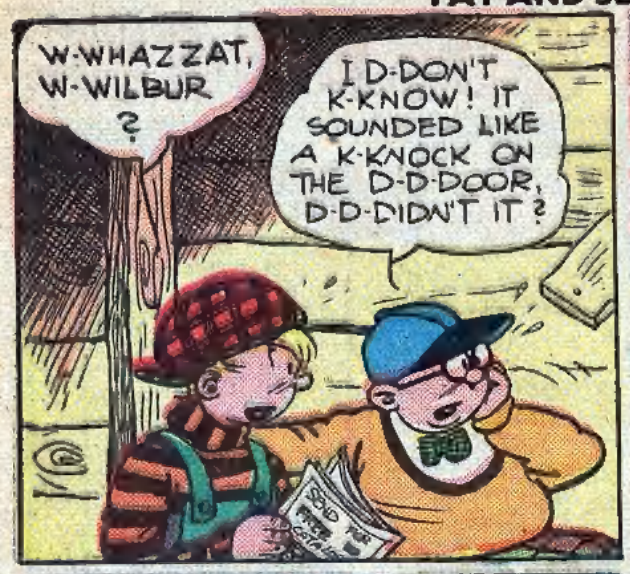
FAT AND SLAT COMICS

"COMICS" McCORMICK

"THE WORLD'S NO. 1 COMIC BOOK FAN" TANGLES WITH OCTOPUS-MAN, THE RACKETEER-MONSTER IN HUMAN FORM, DURING ONE OF OUR HERO'S MOST BREATH-TAKING, BLOODCURDLING, SPINE-TINGLING DAYDREAMS

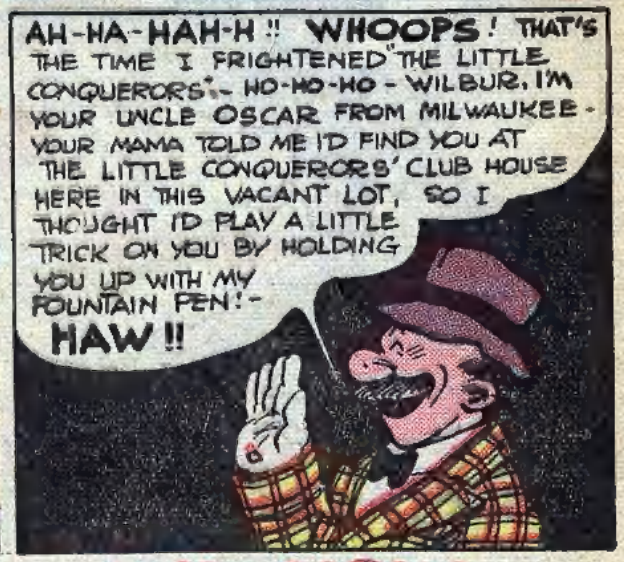
AW, PULL IN YOUR EARS, OCTOPUS-MAN, YOU CAN'T SCARE ME! ANOTHER STEP AN' I'LL BLAST YA WITH MY ATOMIC RAY GUN!




W-WHAZZAT, W-WILBUR ?
I D-DON'T K-KNOW! IT SOUNDED LIKE A K-KNOCK ON THE D-D-DOOR, D-D-DIDN'T IT ?

I'VE GOT YOU BOTH COVERED! - DON'T MOVE !! WHICH ONE OF YOU IS WILBUR WIGGINS, ? SPEAK UP !!

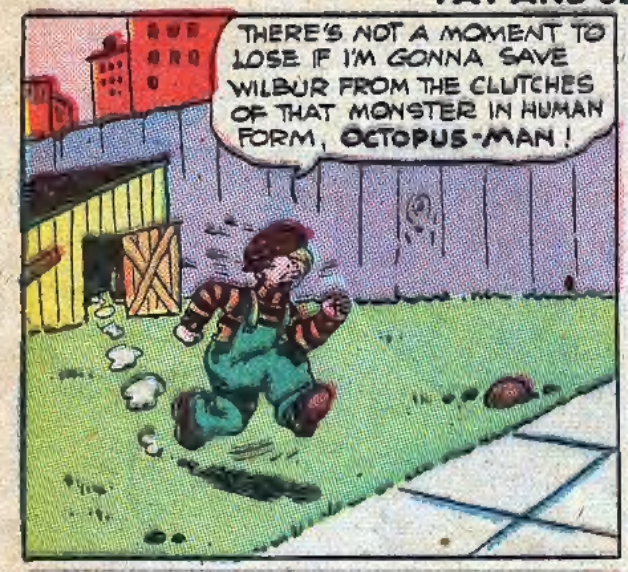
H-H-HE IS, M-MISTER !!
I-I-I AM, - I-I-I G-G-GUESS!
GOOD, - THEN I CAN SPEAK FREELY!!

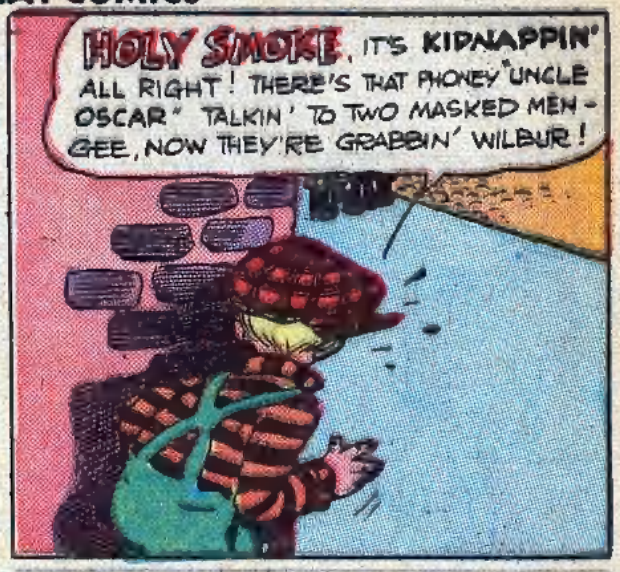

AH-HA-HAH-H !! WHOOPS ! THAT'S THE TIME I FRIGHTENED THE LITTLE CONQUERORS! - HO-HO-HO - WILBUR, I'M YOUR UNCLE OSCAR FROM MILWAUKEE - YOUR MAMA TOLD ME I'D FIND YOU AT THE LITTLE CONQUERORS' CLUB HOUSE HERE IN THIS VACANT LOT, SO I THOUGHT I'D PLAY A LITTLE TRICK ON YOU BY HOLDING YOU UP WITH MY FOUNTAIN PEN! - HAW !!

SO LONG, CONQUEROR-IN-CHIEF ! WILBUR'S MOTHER WANTS HIM TO COME HOME NOW AND GET DRESSED FOR DINNER ! WE'RE ALL GOING TO THE THEATRE TONIGHT !
DONT FORGET TO SAVE ME THAT COMIC BOOK, "COMICS"!
?

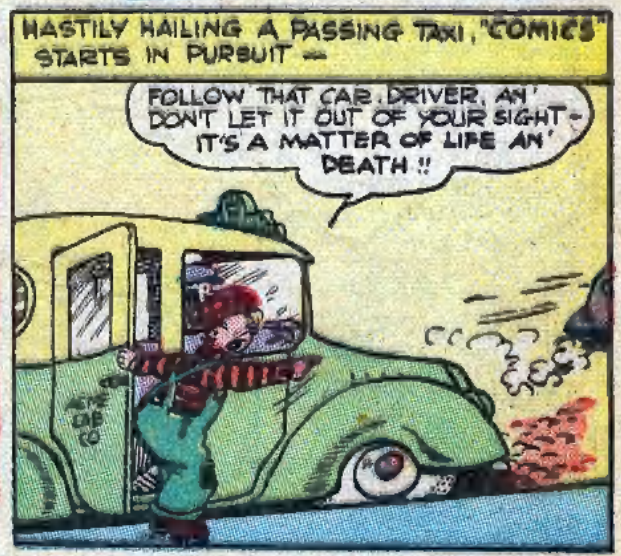
-AND NOW...

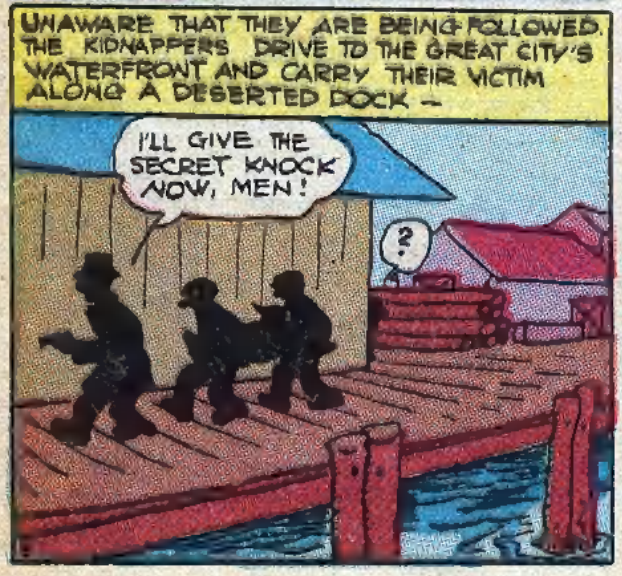
GOSH, WOTTA FOOL - WOTTA LI'L SAP I'VE BEEN TO FALL FOR THAT "UNCLE OSCAR" BUSINESS! WHY, IT'S THE WORST CASE OF KIDNAPPIN' I EVER SAW AN', WOT'S MORE, I BETCHA OCTOPUS-MAN IS AT THE BOTTOM OF IT !!
SOAP

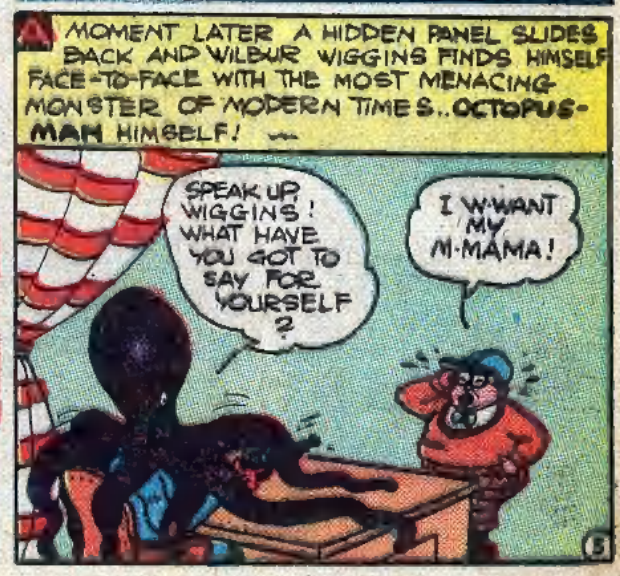

THERE'S NOT A MOMENT TO LOSE IF I'M GONNA SAVE WILBUR FROM THE CLUTCHES OF THAT MONSTER IN HUMAN FORM, OCTOPUS-MAN!

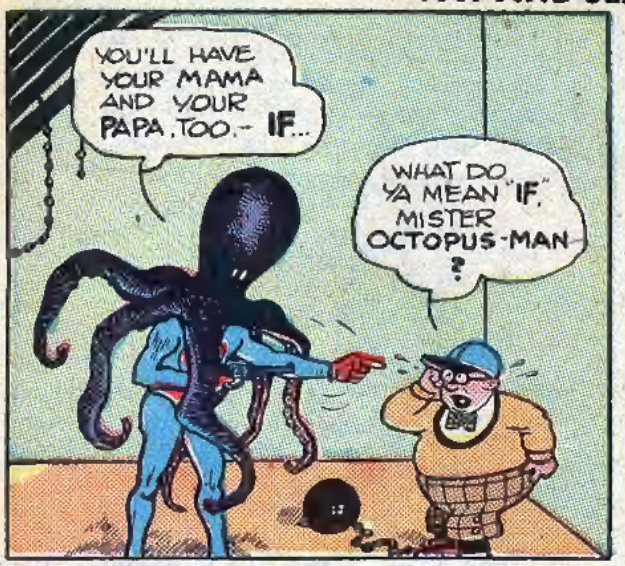

HOLY SMOKE, IT'S KIDNAPPIN' ALL RIGHT! THERE'S THAT PHONEY "UNCLE OSCAR" TALKIN' TO TWO MASKED MEN - GEE, NOW THEY'RE GRABBIN' WILBUR!

QUICK, BOYS, - GET HIM INTO THE CAR BEFORE THAT McCORMICK KID GETS ON OUR TAIL!
SHUT UP, FATTY!
MUMPH!
IN A GO, KID!

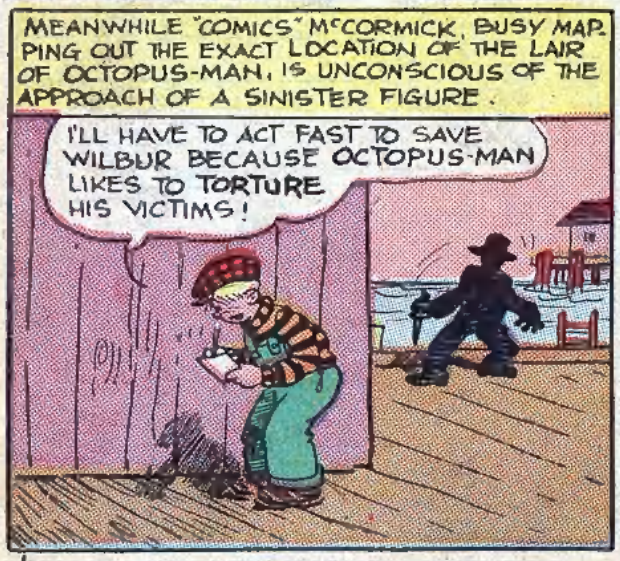

HASTILY HAILING A PASSING TAXI, "COMICS" STARTS IN PURSUIT —
FOLLOW THAT CAR, DRIVER, AN' DON'T LET IT OUT OF YOUR SIGHT - IT'S A MATTER OF LIFE AN' DEATH!!

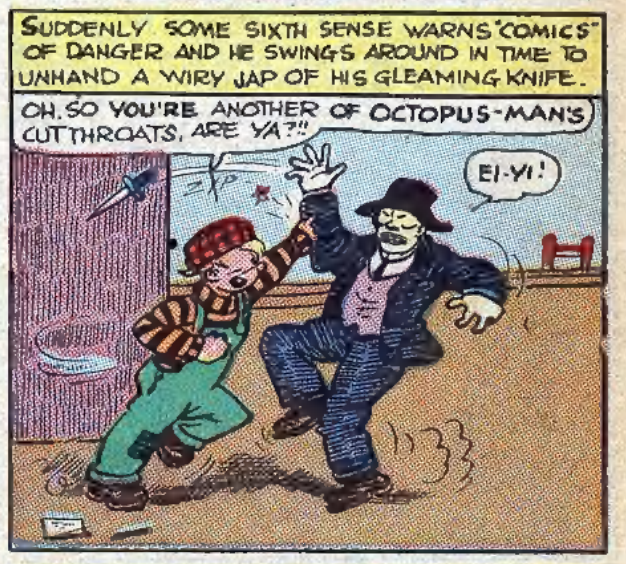

UNAWARE THAT THEY ARE BEING FOLLOWED, THE KIDNAPPERS DRIVE TO THE GREAT CITY'S WATERFRONT AND CARRY THEIR VICTIM ALONG A DESERTED DOCK —
I'LL GIVE THE SECRET KNOCK NOW, MEN!
?

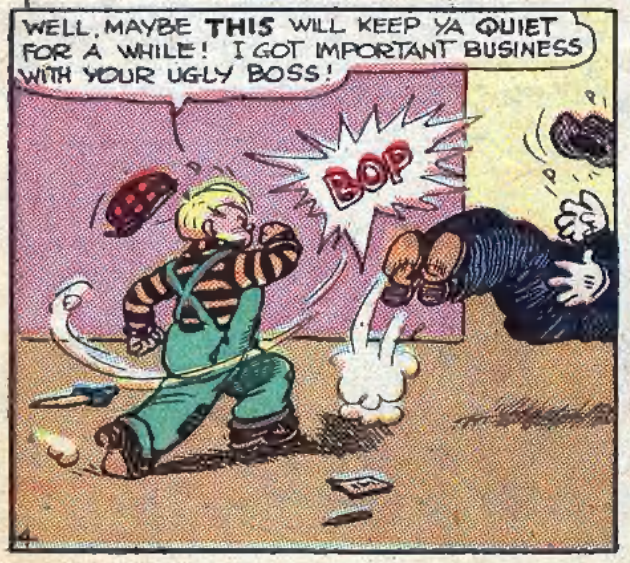

A MOMENT LATER A HIDDEN PANEL SLIDES BACK AND WILBUR WIGGINS FINDS HIMSELF FACE-TO-FACE WITH THE MOST MENACING MONSTER OF MODERN TIMES.. OCTOPUS-MAN HIMSELF! —
SPEAK UP, WIGGINS! WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO SAY FOR YOURSELF?
I W-WANT MY M-MAMA!

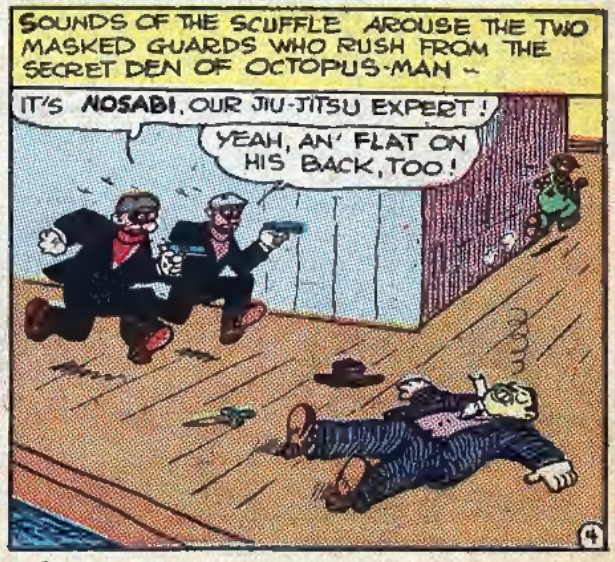

YOU'LL HAVE YOUR MAMA AND YOUR PAPA, TOO.- IF...
WHAT DO YA MEAN "IF," MISTER OCTOPUS-MAN ?

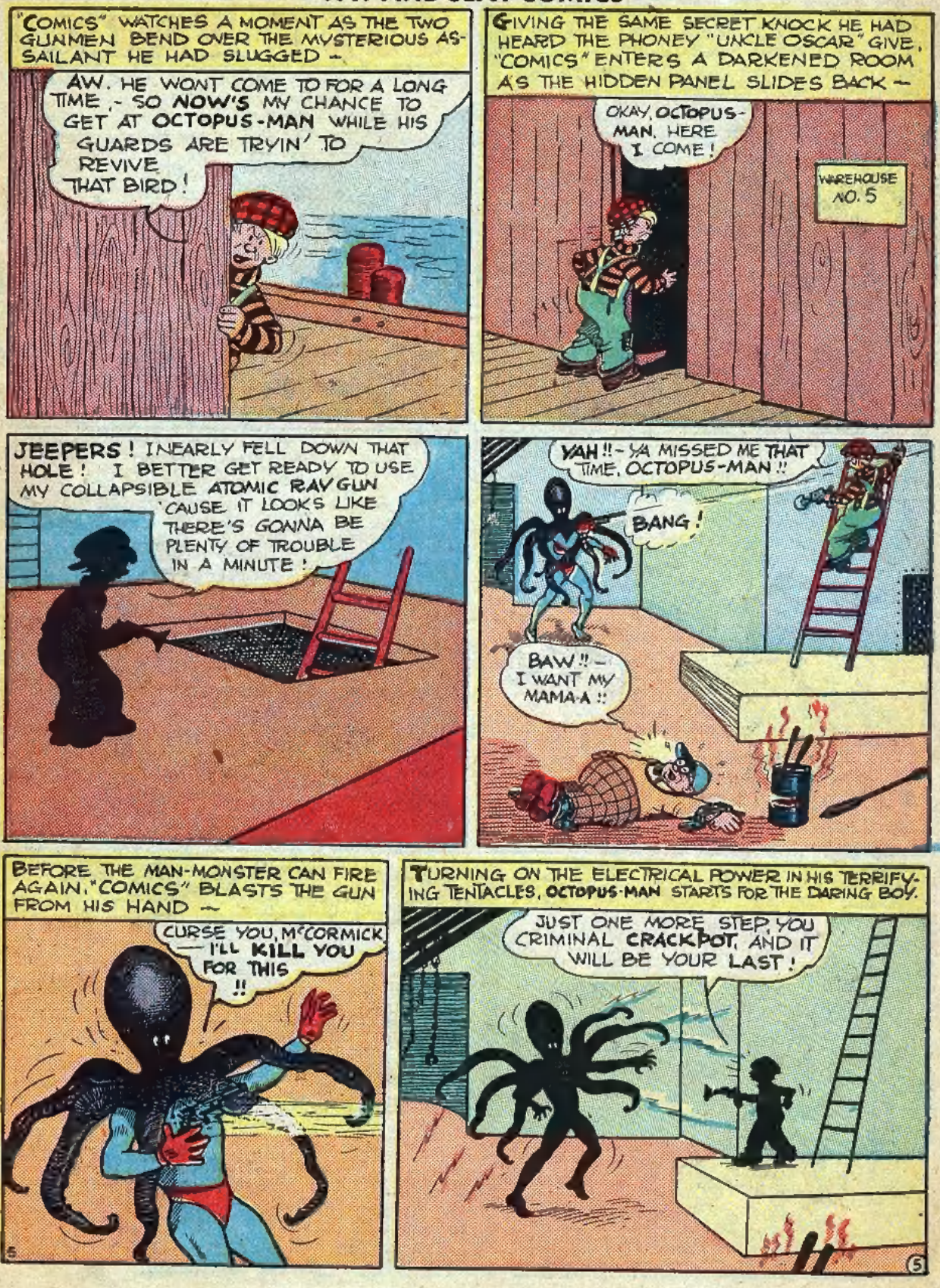
IF THEY COME ACROSS WITH ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS !! I'M HOLDING YOU FOR RANSOM !
OOOH-H!!


MEANWHILE "COMICS" McCORMICK, BUSY MAPPING OUT THE EXACT LOCATION OF THE LAIR OF OCTOPUS-MAN, IS UNCONSCIOUS OF THE APPROACH OF A SINISTER FIGURE.
I'LL HAVE TO ACT FAST TO SAVE WILBUR BECAUSE OCTOPUS-MAN LIKES TO TORTURE HIS VICTIMS!

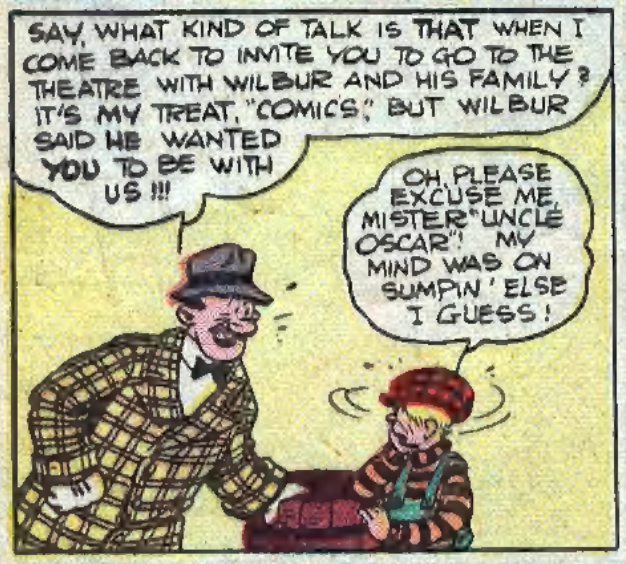

SUDDENLY SOME SIXTH SENSE WARNS "COMICS" OF DANGER AND HE SWINGS AROUND IN TIME TO UNHAND A WIRY JAP OF HIS GLEAMING KNIFE.
OH, SO YOU'RE ANOTHER OF OCTOPUS-MAN'S CUTTHROATS, ARE YA?!!
EI-YI!

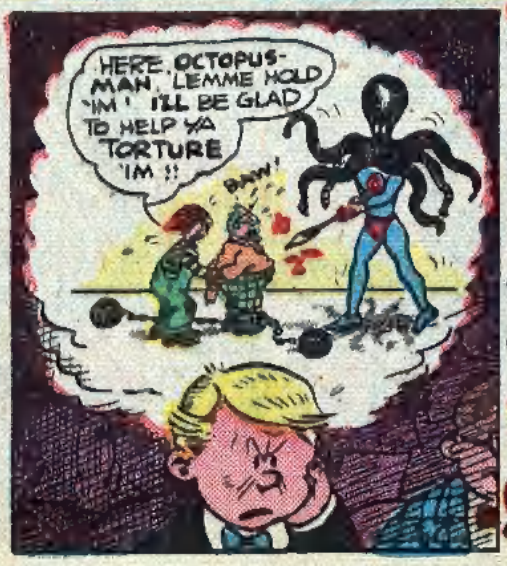

WELL, MAYBE THIS WILL KEEP YA QUIET FOR A WHILE! I GOT IMPORTANT BUSINESS WITH YOUR UGLY BOSS!
BOP


SOUNDS OF THE SCUFFLE AROUSE THE TWO MASKED GUARDS WHO RUSH FROM THE SECRET DEN OF OCTOPUS-MAN -
IT'S NOSABI, OUR JIU-JITSU EXPERT!
YEAH, AN' FLAT ON HIS BACK, TOO!


"COMICS" WATCHES A MOMENT AS THE TWO GUNMEN BEND OVER THE MYSTERIOUS ASSAILANT HE HAD SLUGGED –
AW. HE WONT COME TO FOR A LONG TIME, - SO NOW'S MY CHANCE TO GET AT OCTOPUS-MAN WHILE HIS GUARDS ARE TRYIN' TO REVIVE THAT BIRD!
GIVING THE SAME SECRET KNOCK HE HAD HEARD THE PHONEY "UNCLE OSCAR" GIVE, "COMICS" ENTERS A DARKENED ROOM AS THE HIDDEN PANEL SLIDES BACK –
OKAY, OCTOPUS-MAN, HERE I COME!
WAREHOUSE NO. 5
JEEPERS! I NEARLY FELL DOWN THAT HOLE! I BETTER GET READY TO USE MY COLLAPSIBLE ATOMIC RAY GUN 'CAUSE IT LOOKS LIKE THERE'S GONNA BE PLENTY OF TROUBLE IN A MINUTE!
YAH!! – YA MISSED ME THAT TIME, OCTOPUS-MAN!!
BANG!
BAW!! – I WANT MY MAMA-A!!
BEFORE THE MAN-MONSTER CAN FIRE AGAIN, "COMICS" BLASTS THE GUN FROM HIS HAND –
CURSE YOU, McCORMICK – I'LL KILL YOU FOR THIS!!
TURNING ON THE ELECTRICAL POWER IN HIS TERRIFYING TENTACLES, OCTOPUS-MAN STARTS FOR THE DARING BOY.
JUST ONE MORE STEP, YOU CRIMINAL CRACKPOT, AND IT WILL BE YOUR LAST!

JUST THEN..

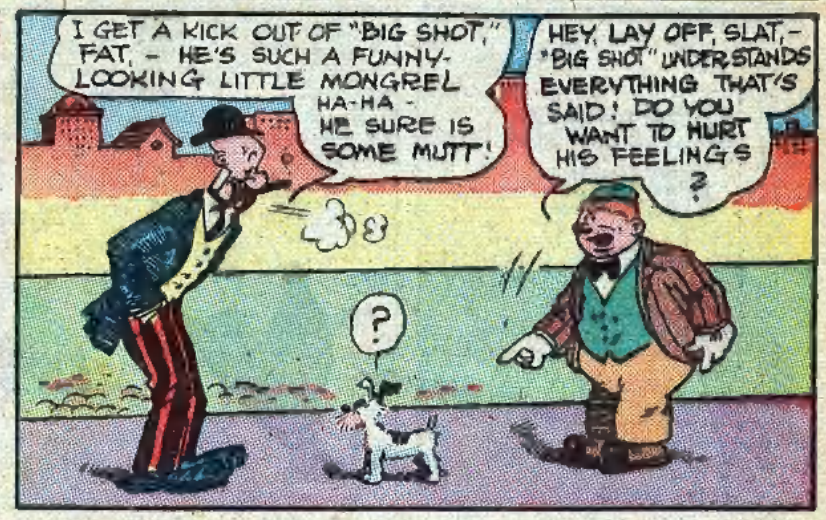


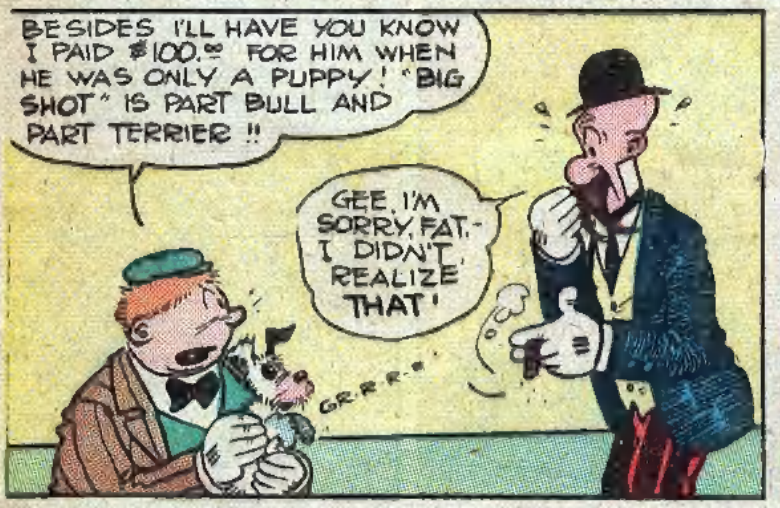


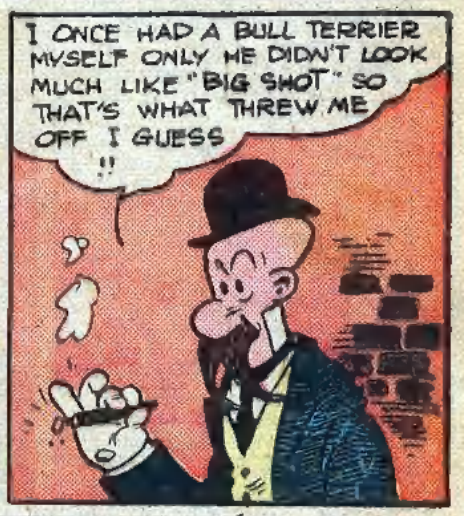
DAY-DREAMING IS ALL THE RAGE THESE DAYS, BOYS 'N' GIRLS, SO DONT MISS "COMICS" McCORMICK IN THE NEXT CRACKERJACK ISSUE OF FAT and SLAT

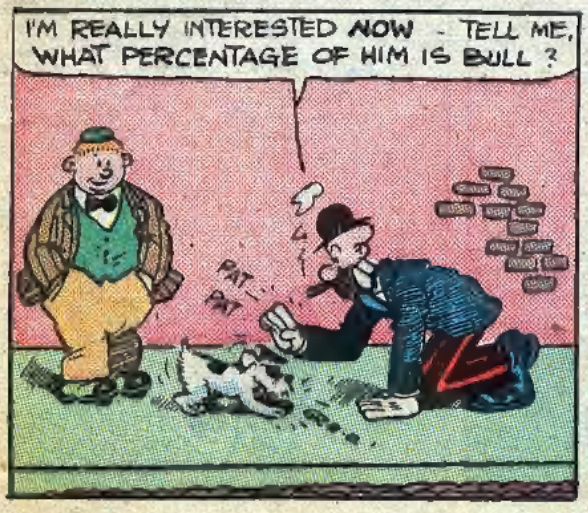
FAT AND SLAT

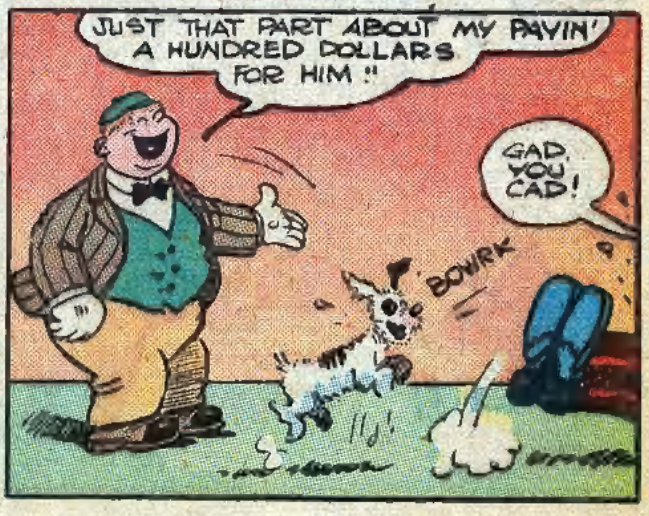
FIRST PRIZE
$25
ROBERT CHERRY
5439 ½ HOLLYWOOD BLVD.
HOLLYWOOD 27,
CALIFORNIA


I GET A KICK OUT OF "BIG SHOT," FAT, - HE'S SUCH A FUNNY-LOOKING LITTLE MONGREL HA-HA - HE SURE IS SOME MUTT!
HEY, LAY OFF, SLAT, - "BIG SHOT" UNDERSTANDS EVERYTHING THAT'S SAID! DO YOU WANT TO HURT HIS FEELINGS ?
?


BESIDES I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW I PAID $100.00 FOR HIM WHEN HE WAS ONLY A PUPPY! "BIG SHOT" IS PART BULL AND PART TERRIER !!
GEE, I'M SORRY, FAT, - I DIDN'T REALIZE THAT!
GR-R-R-

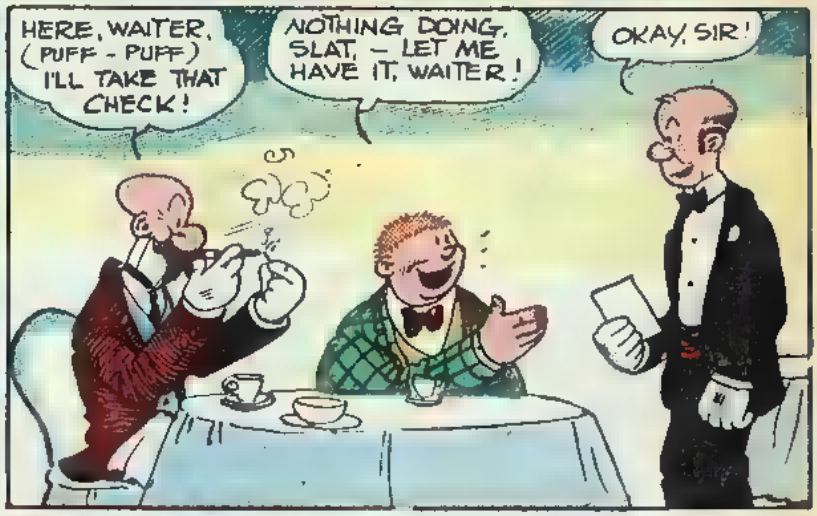

I ONCE HAD A BULL TERRIER MYSELF ONLY HE DIDN'T LOOK MUCH LIKE "BIG SHOT" SO THAT'S WHAT THREW ME OFF I GUESS !!

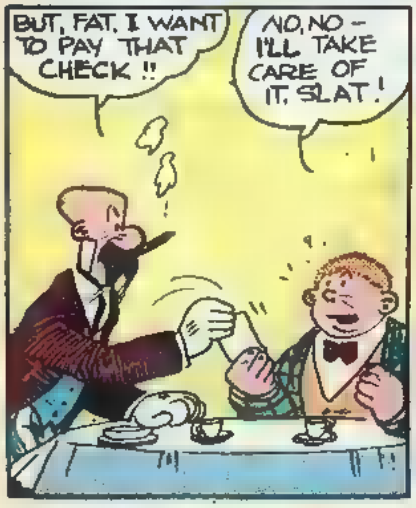

I'M REALLY INTERESTED NOW - TELL ME, WHAT PERCENTAGE OF HIM IS BULL ?
PAT PAT


JUST THAT PART ABOUT MY PAYIN' A HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR HIM !!
GAD, YOU CAD!
BOWRK

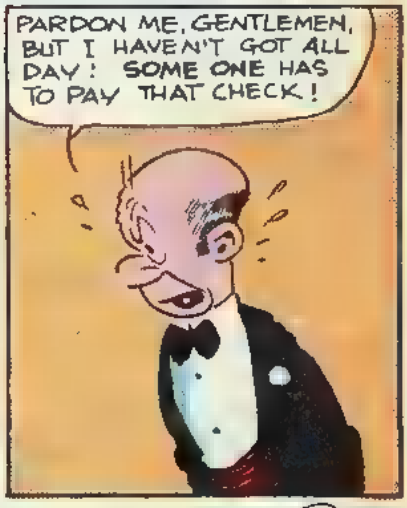
FAT AND SLAT

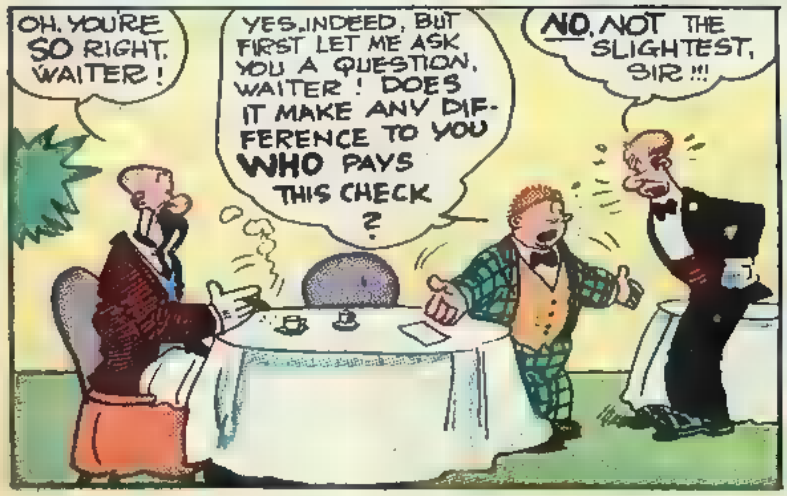
SECOND PRIZE
$10
DONALD SMITH
24 IVER AVENUE
EAST HAVEN 2,
CONNECTICUT


HERE, WAITER, (PUFF - PUFF) I'LL TAKE THAT CHECK!
NOTHING DOING, SLAT, – LET ME HAVE IT, WAITER!
OKAY, SIR!


BUT, FAT, I WANT TO PAY THAT CHECK!!
NO, NO – I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT, SLAT!

BUT I INSIST!!
SO DO I!!

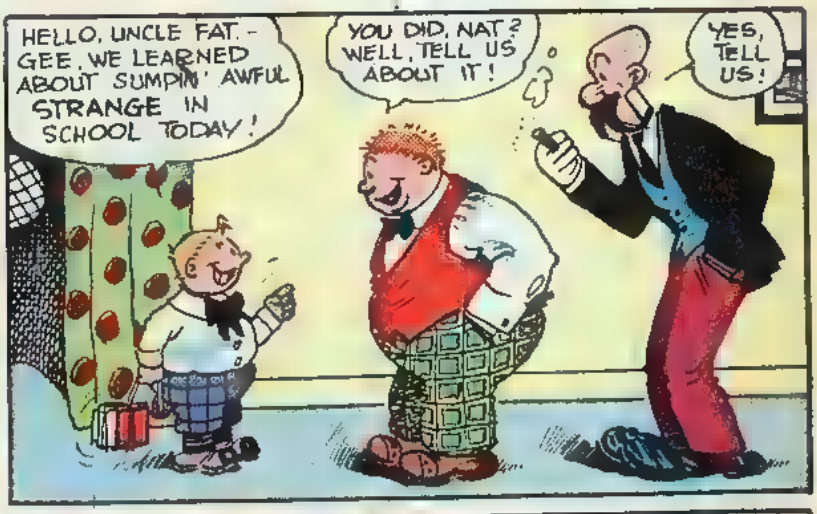

PARDON ME, GENTLEMEN, BUT I HAVEN'T GOT ALL DAY! SOMEONE HAS TO PAY THAT CHECK!

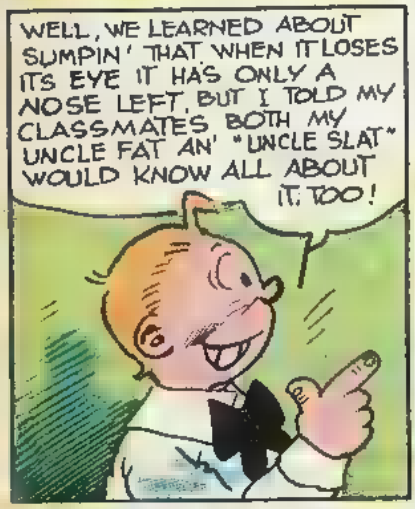

OH, YOU'RE SO RIGHT, WAITER!
YES, INDEED, BUT FIRST LET ME ASK YOU A QUESTION, WAITER! DOES IT MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE TO YOU WHO PAYS THIS CHECK?
NO, NOT THE SLIGHTEST, SIR!!!

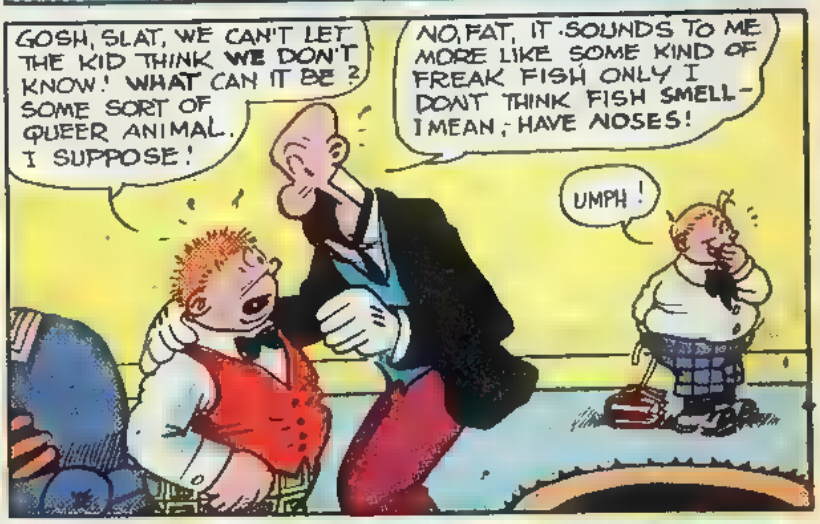
GOOD! THEN YOU PAY IT!!
?

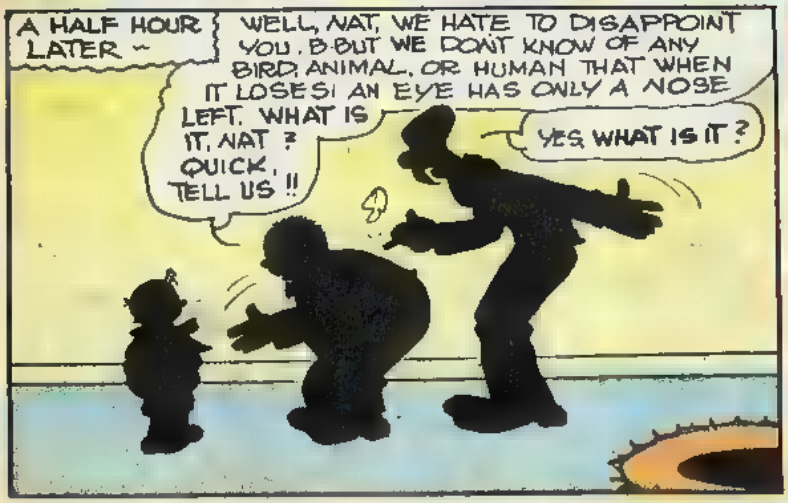
FAT and SLAT

THIRD PRIZE
$5
BOB WEINSTEIN
6573 HAAS AVENUE
LOS ANGELES 44,
CALIFORNIA


HELLO, UNCLE FAT. - GEE, WE LEARNED ABOUT SUMPIN' AWFUL STRANGE IN SCHOOL TODAY!
YOU DID, NAT? WELL, TELL US ABOUT IT!
YES, TELL US!


WELL, WE LEARNED ABOUT SUMPIN' THAT WHEN IT LOSES ITS EYE IT HAS ONLY A NOSE LEFT, BUT I TOLD MY CLASSMATES BOTH MY UNCLE FAT AN' "UNCLE SLAT" WOULD KNOW ALL ABOUT IT, TOO!


GOSH, SLAT, WE CAN'T LET THE KID THINK WE DON'T KNOW! WHAT CAN IT BE? SOME SORT OF QUEER ANIMAL, I SUPPOSE!
NO, FAT, IT SOUNDS TO ME MORE LIKE SOME KIND OF FREAK FISH ONLY I DON'T THINK FISH SMELL - I MEAN, HAVE NOSES!
UMPH!


A HALF HOUR LATER -
WELL, NAT, WE HATE TO DISAPPOINT YOU, B-BUT WE DON'T KNOW OF ANY BIRD, ANIMAL, OR HUMAN THAT WHEN IT LOSES AN EYE HAS ONLY A NOSE LEFT. WHAT IS IT, NAT? QUICK, TELL US!!
YES, WHAT IS IT?

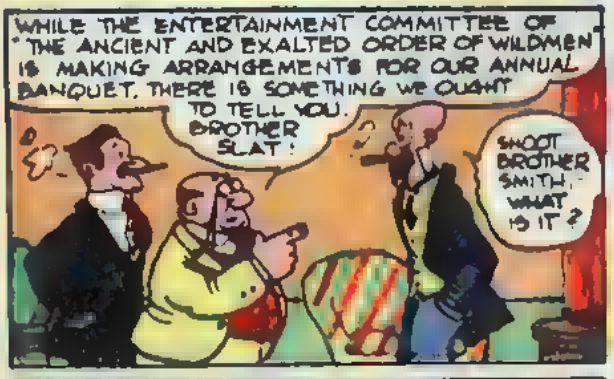
THE WORD NOISE!!
PLOP!
PLOP!

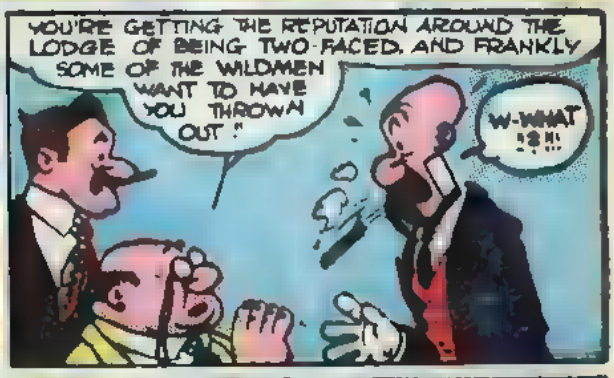
FAT AND SLAT

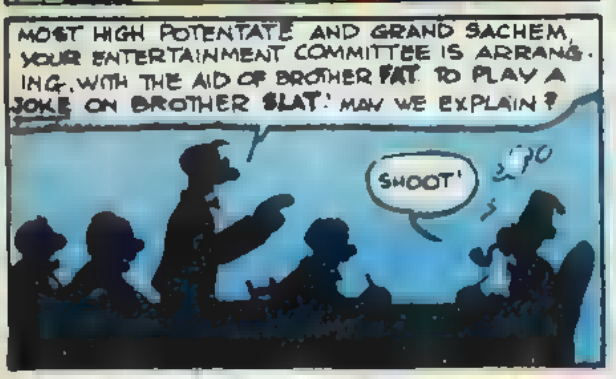
OTHER PRIZE-WINNERS!

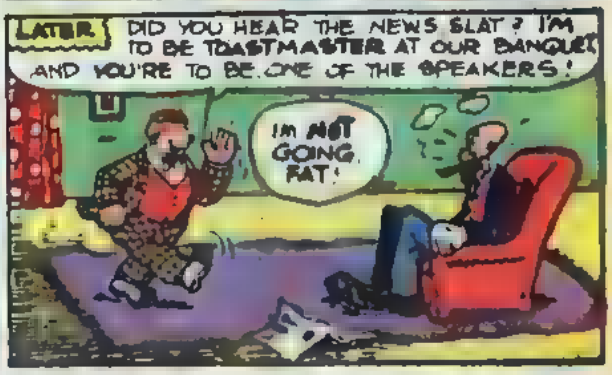
4 JIM DAKE - 843 CENTER STREET, JACKSON, MICHIGAN
5 VIRGINIA NEWTON - GREENFIELD, INDIANA
6 MARJORIE HOSHAW - 22170 CYMAN, VAN DYKE, MICHIGAN
7 DONALD WYNE - R.F.D. #1, HERMAN, NEW YORK
8 WM. J. HOLLENBECK - ERIN, NEW YORK, R.D. 1 BOX 144
9 ROGER REDMAN - P.O. BOX 737, McCOOK, NEBRASKA
10 EARL GILLMORE - P.O. BOX 211, SHELBYVILLE, ILLINOIS
11 JOHN B. DUBE - BOX 54, NORTH STREET, W. ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS
12 LAWRENCE W. POLEN - AVERA, GEORGIA
13 RITA VOGEDES - MARATHON, WISCONSIN
14 PETER HUTCHINSON - R.F.D. #1, AUGUSTA, MAINE
15 THAD NIEMIRA - 1128 'E' COURT, WILMINGTON, CALIFORNIA
16 EUGENE SATHRE - 3030 EAST 50TH STREET, MINNEAPOLIS-6, MINNESOTA
17 L.B. BROWN - ROUTE 2, BOX 92-A, STAPLETON, GEORGIA
18 MARVIN R. FOX - AMITY, ARKANSAS, R#3
19 JACK WHITING - RT. 3 BOX 203A, LITTLETON, COLORADO
20 HENRY AHLQUIST - 1565 NOSTRAND AVE. BROOKLYN-26, NEW YORK
21 MORRIS WINHAM PARKER - BOX 95, KENO, OREGON
22 LLOYD PRICE WILCOX - 341 SOUTH LIMESTONE STREET, LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY
23 DAN BESSIE - 333 RUSTIC ROAD, SANTA MONICA, CALIFORNIA
24 BOB CRAWFORD - 3501 WILLARD STREET, WILMINGTON, DELAWARE
25 DONALD BREILAND - THIEF RIVER FALLS, MINNESOTA, R.3
26 DON WEST - SOUTH MONROE STREET, NEWBERN, TENNESSEE
27 PHYLLIS CHAMBERS - 129 WEST 144 STREET, APT. 5D, NEW YORK-30, NEW YORK
28 ROBERT HENNIS - 154 ARNOLD STREET, REVERE, MASSACHUSETTS
29 CARMEN SAWYER - 206 PERSHING HIGHWAY, BUNKE, LOUISIANA
30 HARRY PHILLIPS - 1204 EAST 83RD STREET, SAVANNAH, GEORGIA
31 JIMMIE CADE - OPP, ALABAMA
32 DOUGLAS BROWN - 201 LAKESHORE ROAD, POINTE CLAIRE, MONTREAL-33, QUEBEC, CANADA
33 JAMES PAYTON - 837 DATURA STREET, WEST PALM BEACH, FLORIDA
34 RALPH CHERINGTON JR. - RT. 3, BOX 868-EE, TAMPA, FLORIDA
35 MARGIE BROECKEL - 1116 CARLYON ROAD, EAST CLEVELAND-12, OHIO
36 TONY BOREK - 680 SYCAMORE STREET, BUFFALO-12, NEW YORK
37 JEANETTE SPANN - SAMSON, ALABAMA, ROUTE 3
38 MARIO GRAZIOSI - 1135 CROSS STREET, PHILADELPHIA-47, PENNSYLVANIA
39 GEORGE QUINN - 175-25 JAMICA AVE., JAMICA-3, NEW YORK
40 HAZEL STEVENSON - POUND MILL, VIRGINIA, R.F.D. #1
41 SARAH NICHOLL - P.O. BOX 443, PANAMA CITY, FLORIDA
42 DONALD MUSICK - 1403 W. GOVERNOR STREET, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS
43 CARLTON BRIDGERS - 2420 SPRING STREET, SOUTH CHARLESTON, WEST VIRGINIA
44 MARY MIDAY - R.D. #2, LOUISVILLE, OHIO
45 BILL DOIG - 536 E. 43RD, VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA
46 SHEILA FEINGOLD - 224 LEGION STREET, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK
47 RAYMOND VAUGHEY - 217 HENRY STREET, BUCHANAN, NEW YORK
48 LOUISE WASHINGTON - ROUTE 1, BOX 29A, SHARES, VIRGINIA
49 LEONA DARMITZ - 36 LINDSEY, TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA
50 RUTH GUSTAFSON - GALEN STORE, GALEN, MONTANA

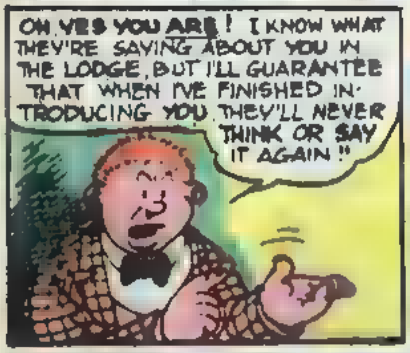
FAT AND SLAT

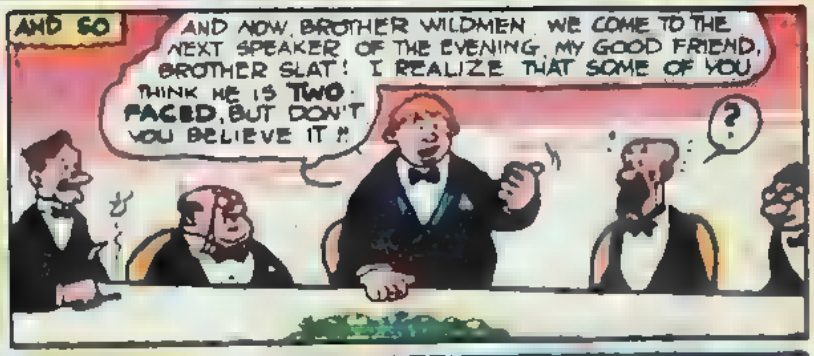

WHILE THE ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE OF "THE ANCIENT AND EXALTED ORDER OF WILDMEN" IS MAKING ARRANGEMENTS FOR OUR ANNUAL BANQUET, THERE IS SOMETHING WE OUGHT TO TELL YOU, BROTHER SLAT!
SHOOT BROTHER SMITH, WHAT IS IT?

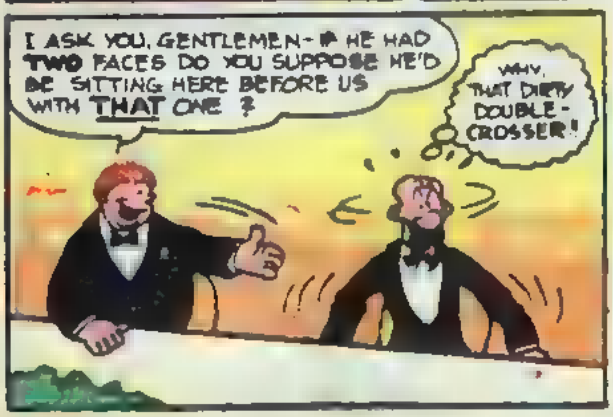

YOU'RE GETTING THE REPUTATION AROUND THE LODGE OF BEING TWO-FACED, AND FRANKLY SOME OF THE WILDMEN WANT TO HAVE YOU THROWN OUT!
W-WHAT ?!!

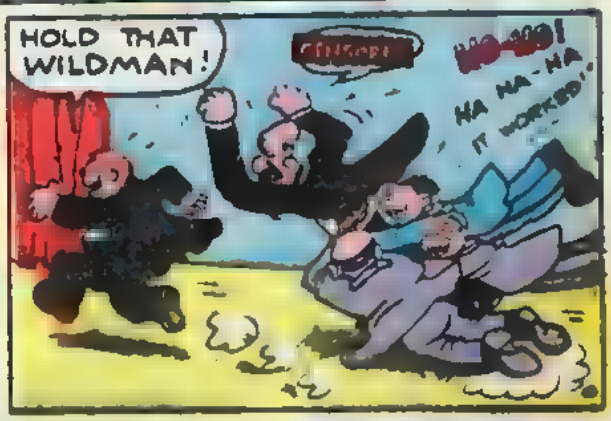

MOST HIGH POTENTATE AND GRAND SACHEM, YOUR ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE IS ARRANGING, WITH THE AID OF BROTHER FAT TO PLAY A JOKE ON BROTHER SLAT! MAY WE EXPLAIN?
SHOOT!


LATER
DID YOU HEAR THE NEWS SLAT? I'M TO BE TOASTMASTER AT OUR BANQUET AND YOU'RE TO BE ONE OF THE SPEAKERS!
I'M NOT GOING, FAT!


OH, YES YOU ARE! I KNOW WHAT THEY'RE SAYING ABOUT YOU IN THE LODGE, BUT I'LL GUARANTEE THAT WHEN I'VE FINISHED INTRODUCING YOU, THEY'LL NEVER THINK OR SAY IT AGAIN!!

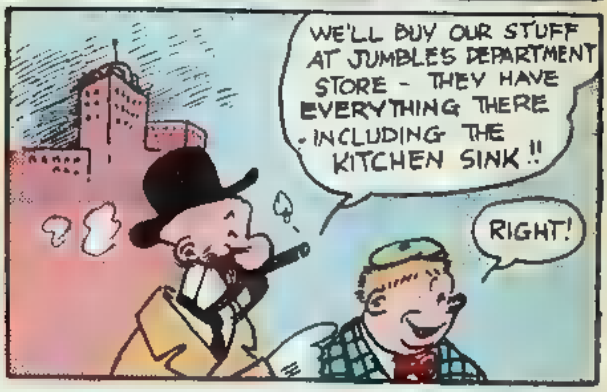

AND SO
AND NOW, BROTHER WILDMEN, WE COME TO THE NEXT SPEAKER OF THE EVENING, MY GOOD FRIEND, BROTHER SLAT! I REALIZE THAT SOME OF YOU THINK HE IS TWO-FACED, BUT DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT!!
?

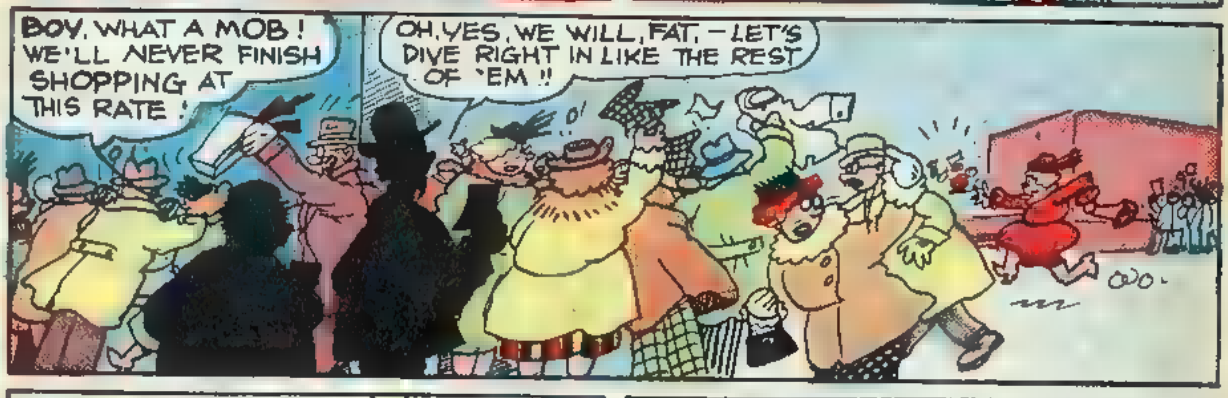

I ASK YOU, GENTLEMEN—IF HE HAD TWO FACES DO YOU SUPPOSE HE'D BE SITTING HERE BEFORE US WITH THAT ONE?
WHY, THAT DIRTY DOUBLE-CROSSER!

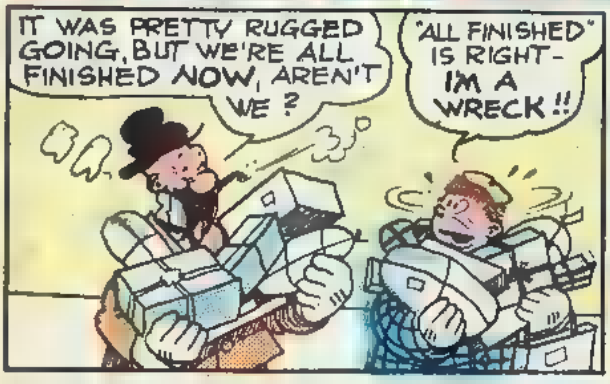

HOLD THAT WILDMAN!
CENSORED
HA HA-HA IT WORKED!

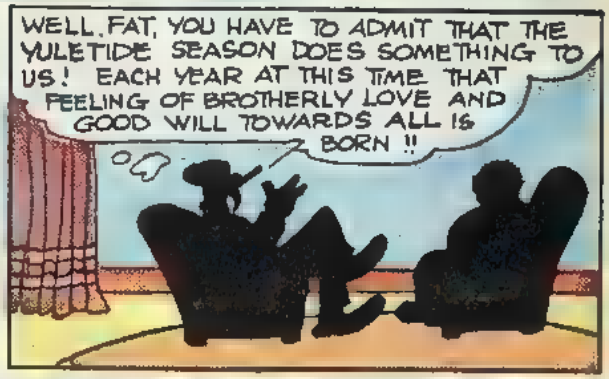
FAT and SLAT

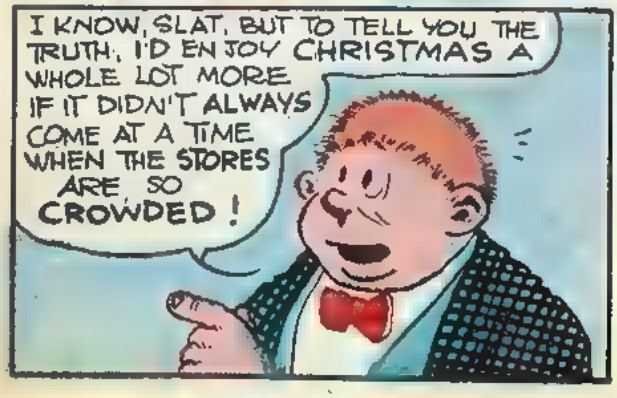
MY CHRISTMAS SHOPPING LIST IS ALL MADE OUT, FAT! - LET'S GO!!
MINE'S READY, TOO, SLAT!

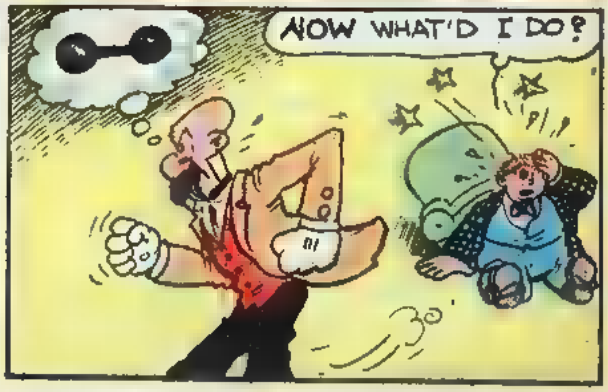

WE'LL BUY OUR STUFF AT JUMBLES DEPARTMENT STORE - THEY HAVE EVERYTHING THERE INCLUDING THE KITCHEN SINK!!
RIGHT!

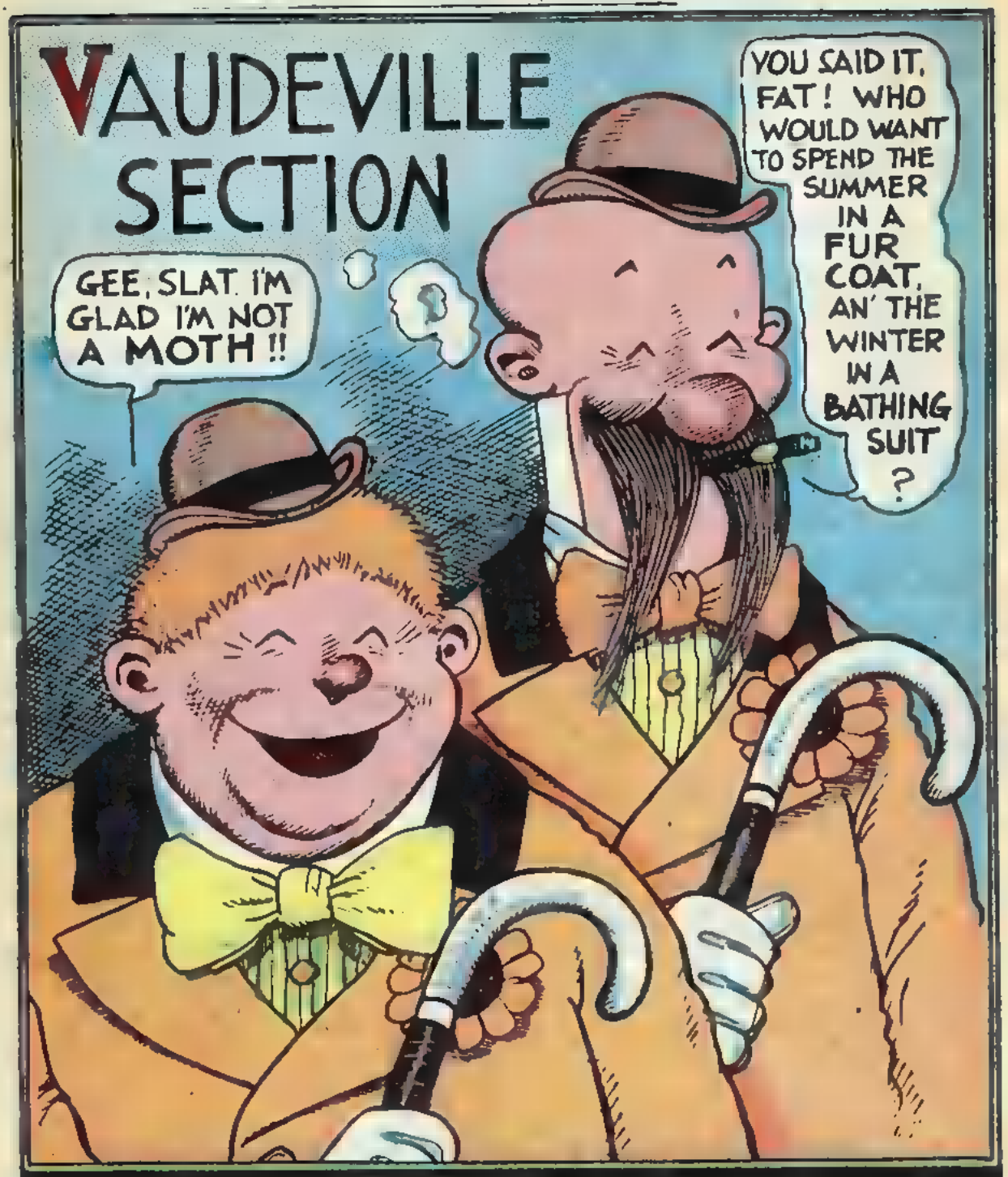

BOY, WHAT A MOB! WE'LL NEVER FINISH SHOPPING AT THIS RATE!
OH, YES, WE WILL, FAT, - LET'S DIVE RIGHT IN LIKE THE REST OF 'EM!!


IT WAS PRETTY RUGGED GOING, BUT WE'RE ALL FINISHED NOW, AREN'T WE?
"ALL FINISHED" IS RIGHT - I'M A WRECK!!

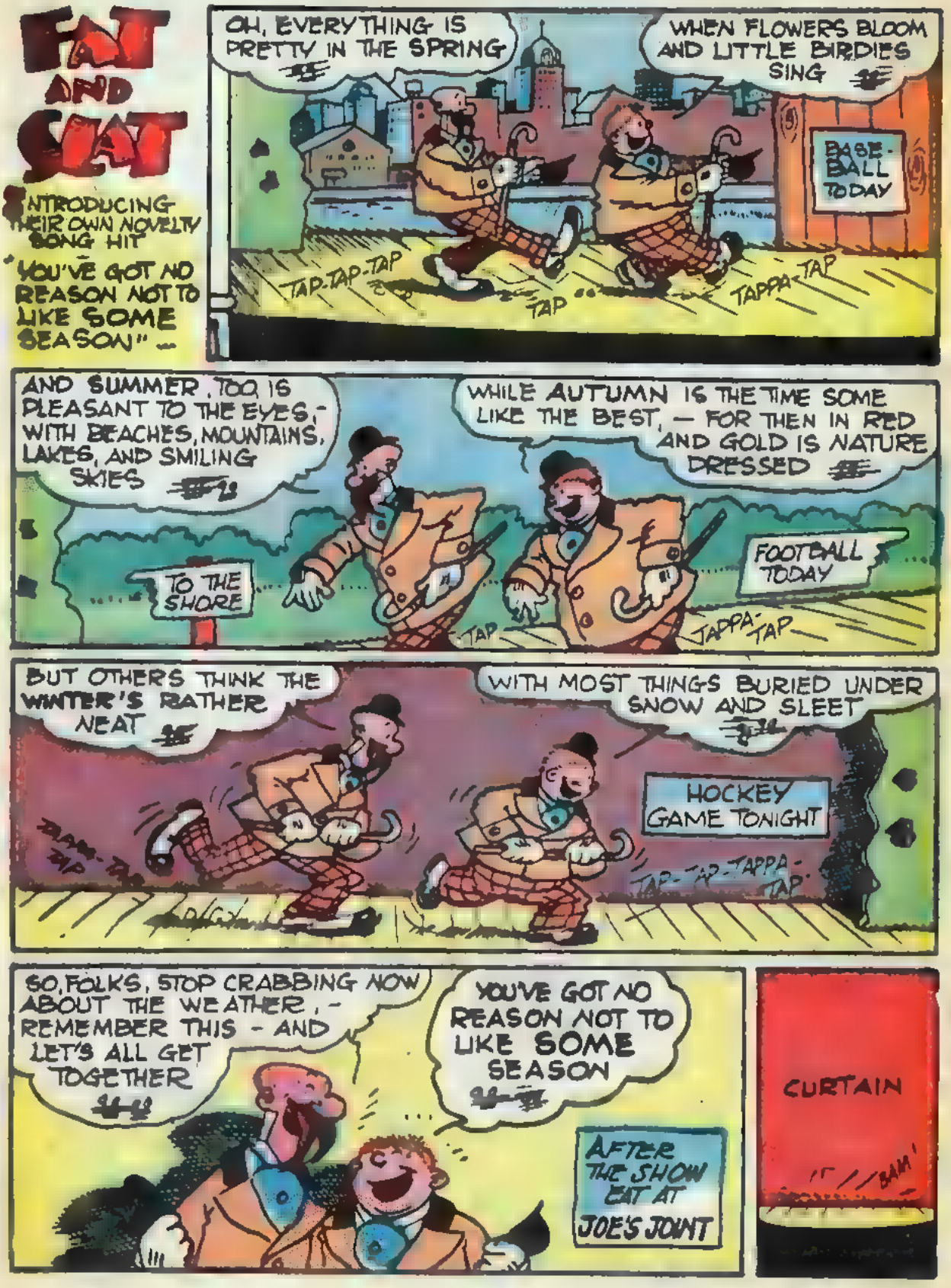

WELL, FAT, YOU HAVE TO ADMIT THAT THE YULETIDE SEASON DOES SOMETHING TO US! EACH YEAR AT THIS TIME THAT FEELING OF BROTHERLY LOVE AND GOOD WILL TOWARDS ALL IS BORN!!


I KNOW, SLAT, BUT TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, I'D ENJOY CHRISTMAS A WHOLE LOT MORE IF IT DIDN'T ALWAYS COME AT A TIME WHEN THE STORES ARE SO CROWDED!


NOW WHAT'D I DO?

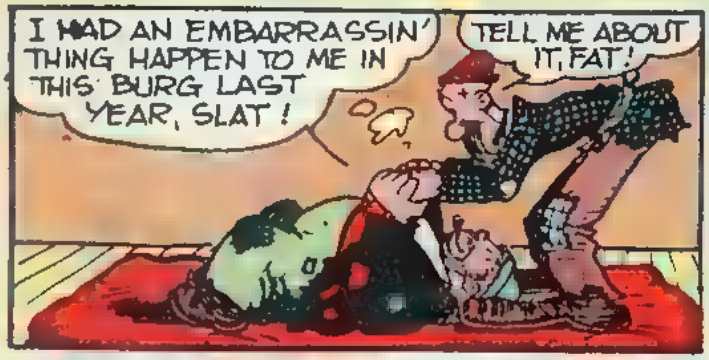


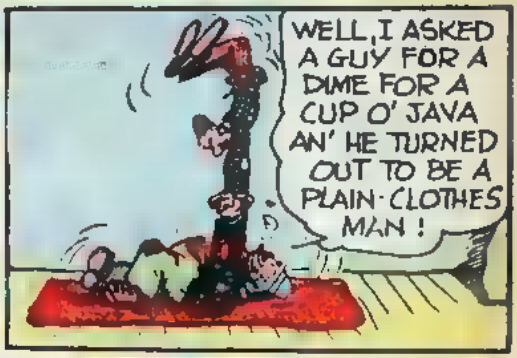
NOW, CUSTOMERS, TAKE YOUR SEATS AND WATCH THOSE TWO OPTIMISTIC CRACKPOTS, **FAT** AND **SLAT**, TRY TO BRING BACK OLD TIME VAUDEVILLE WITH THEIR PATTER AND CHATTER AND SOME BIG SURPRISE NUMBERS !!

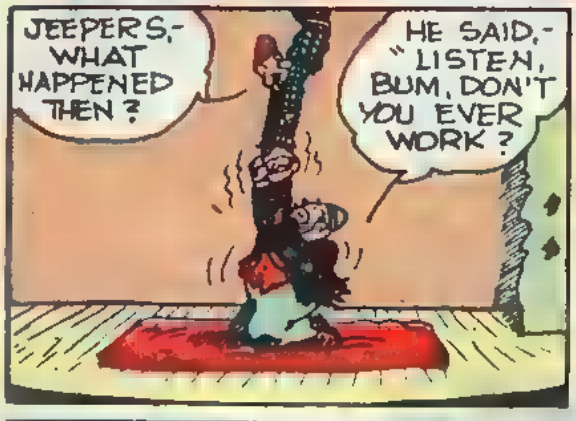

FAT AND SLAT
INTRODUCING THEIR OWN NOVELTY SONG HIT "YOU'VE GOT NO REASON NOT TO LIKE SOME SEASON"...
OH, EVERYTHING IS PRETTY IN THE SPRING
WHEN FLOWERS BLOOM AND LITTLE BIRDIES SING
BASE-BALL TODAY
TAP-TAP-TAP
TAP
TAPPA-TAP
AND SUMMER, TOO, IS PLEASANT TO THE EYES, - WITH BEACHES, MOUNTAINS, LAKES, AND SMILING SKIES
WHILE AUTUMN IS THE TIME SOME LIKE THE BEST, — FOR THEN IN RED AND GOLD IS NATURE DRESSED
TO THE SHORE
FOOTBALL TODAY
TAP
TAPPA-TAP
BUT OTHERS THINK THE WINTER'S RATHER NEAT
WITH MOST THINGS BURIED UNDER SNOW AND SLEET
HOCKEY GAME TONIGHT
TAP-TAP-TAPPA-TAP
SO, FOLKS, STOP CRABBING NOW ABOUT THE WEATHER, - REMEMBER THIS - AND LET'S ALL GET TOGETHER
YOU'VE GOT NO REASON NOT TO LIKE SOME SEASON
AFTER THE SHOW EAT AT JOE'S JOINT
CURTAIN
BAM!

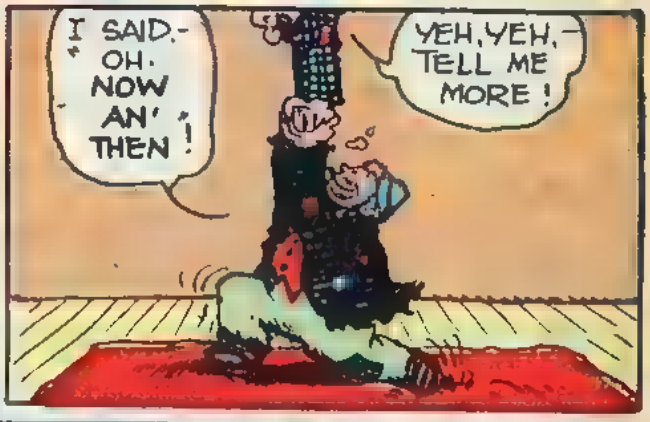
FAT and SLAT IN THEIR NEW NUTTY NOVELTY NUMBER "THE TWO BLACK BLOTS"
BOY, DE WAY YO' IS ACTIN' SINCE YO' GOT MARRIED, AH WISHES TO KNOW IS YO' A MAN OR A MOUSE ?
WELL, PAPPY, AH 'SPOSE AH IS A MOUSE MOST OB DE TIME, BUT AH SHO' AM A MAN ON FRIDAYS !!
HOW COME ON FRIDAYS YO' IS A MAN, SON ? AH DON' GIT IT !!
PAPPY, AH'LL BE GLAD TO ELUCIDATE DE SITCHYASHUN PERTAININ' TO MAH MARITAL CURRICULUM AN' WEEKLY SCHEDULE !
FLICK
MONDAYS AN' TUESDAYS AH DOES ALL DE WASHIN' AN' IRONIN' WIF MAH WIFE !
WEDNESDAYS AN' THURSDAYS AH HELPS HER DUST OFF DE FURNITURE AN' CLEAN DE POTS AN' PANS !
BUT DAT'S ALL "MOUSE" STUFF, SON ! HOW COME YO' IS A HONEST-TO-GOODNESS HE MAN ON FRIDAYS ?
PAPPY, DAT'S DE DAY AH MOPS UP DE FLOOR WIF HER — YUK-YUK-YUK !
BAM !

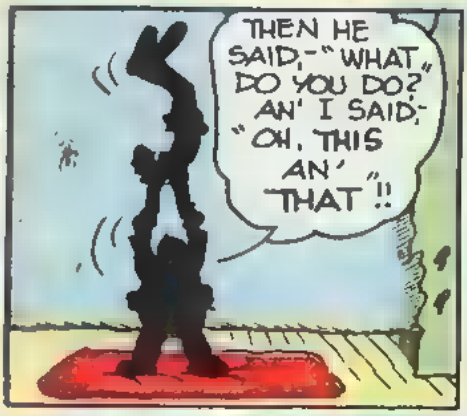
FAT and SLAT — THOSE TWO BUM ACROBATS —

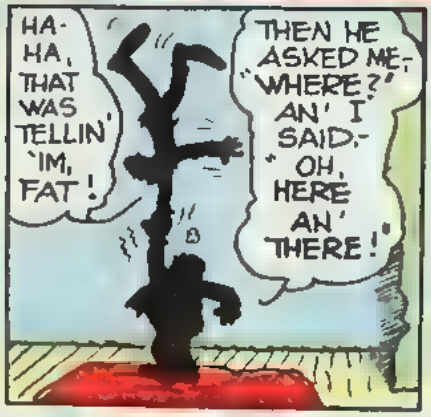


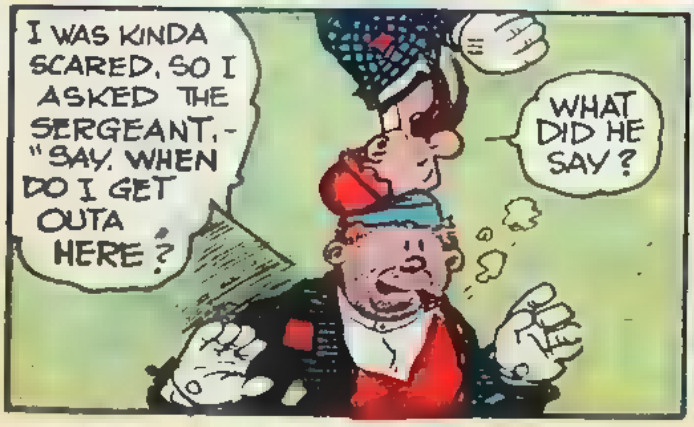


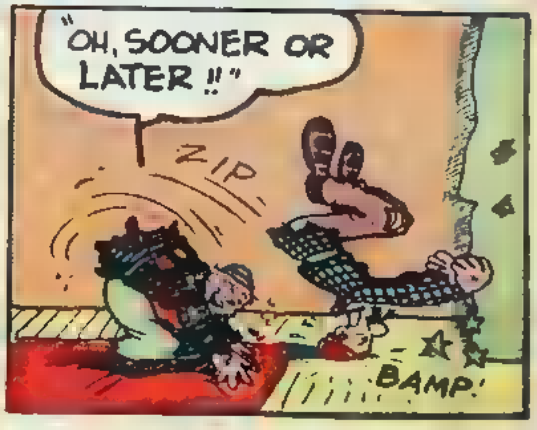




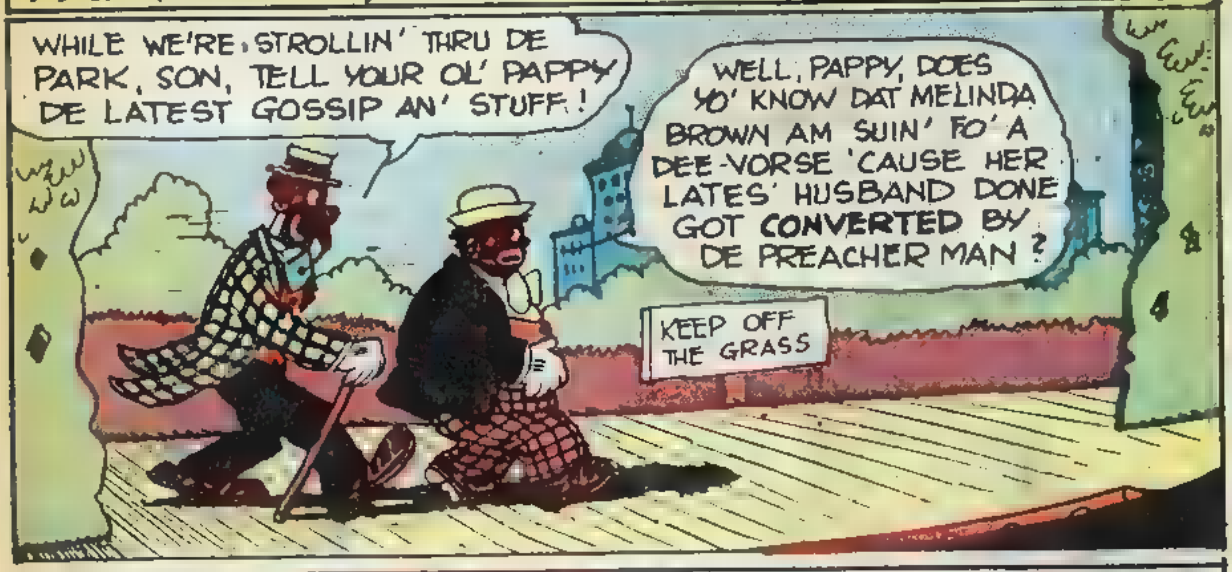


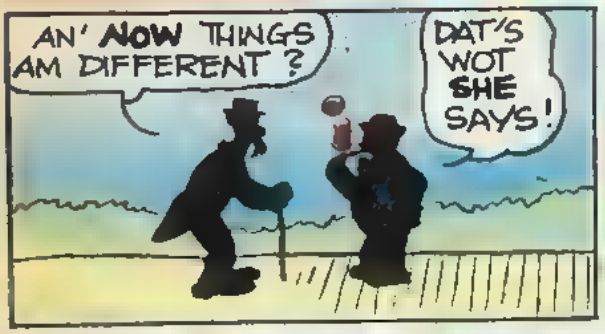


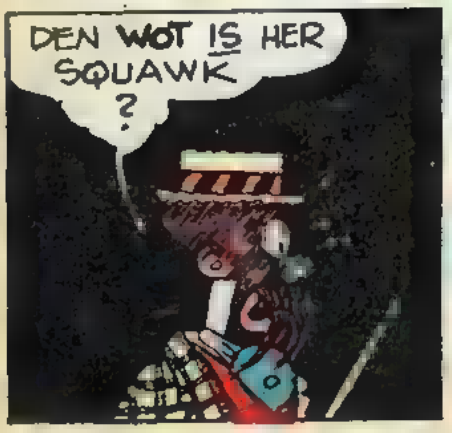


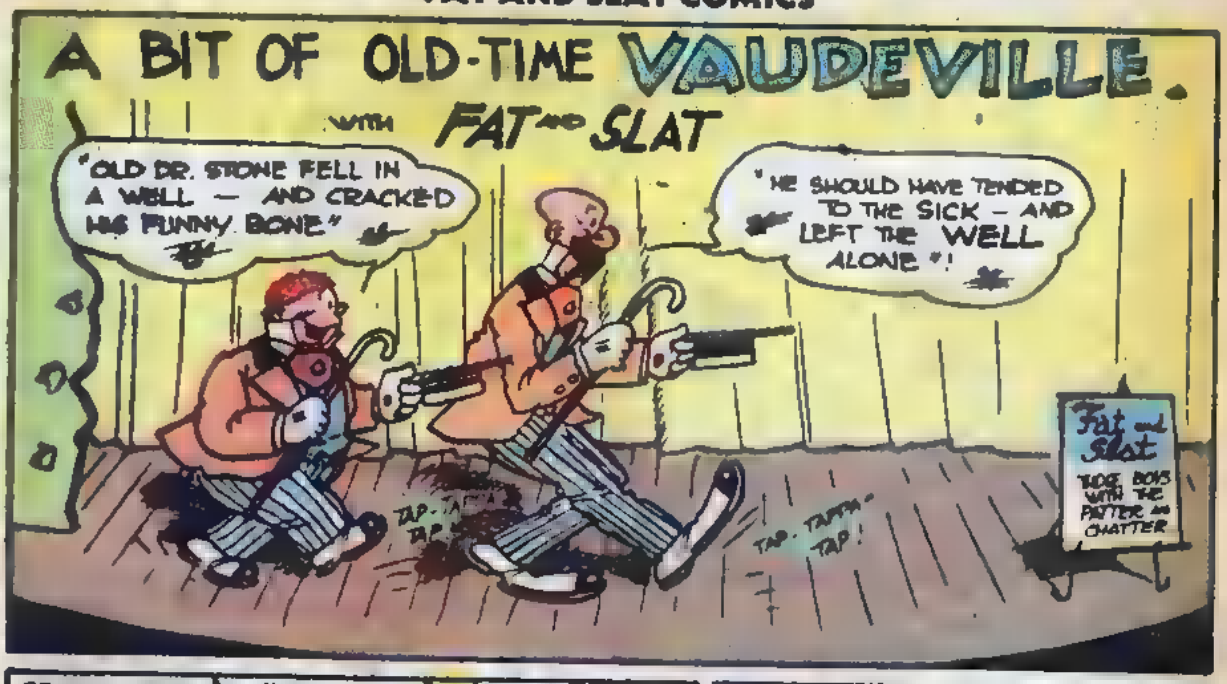


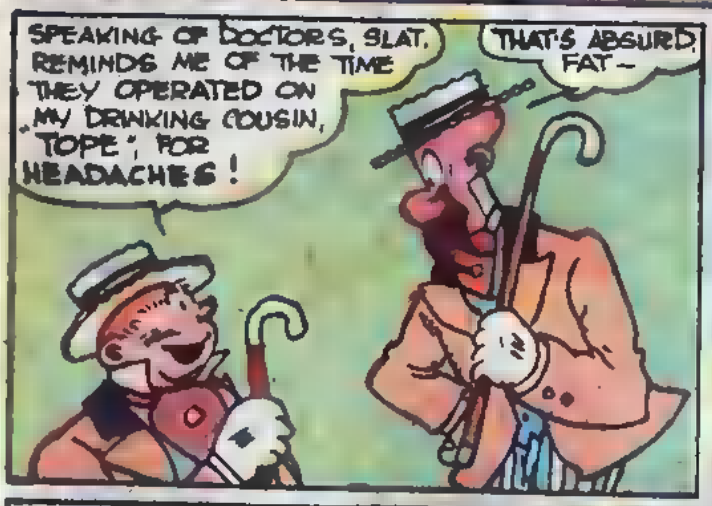
FAT AND SLAT present "THE TWO BLACK BLOTS"—








A BIT OF OLD-TIME VAUDEVILLE.
WITH FAT AND SLAT
"OLD DR. STONE FELL IN A WELL — AND CRACKED HIS FUNNY BONE"
"HE SHOULD HAVE TENDED TO THE SICK — AND LEFT THE WELL ALONE"!
TAP-TAPPA-TAP!
TAP-TAPPA-TAP!
Fat and Slat
THOSE BOYS WITH THE PATTER AND CHATTER


SPEAKING OF DOCTORS, SLAT, REMINDS ME OF THE TIME THEY OPERATED ON MY DRINKING COUSIN, "TOPE", FOR HEADACHES!
THAT'S ABSURD, FAT—

THEY NEVER OPERATE ON ANYBODY FOR HEADACHES!
WELL, THEY DID ON COUSIN "TOPE"!
TAP-TAP
TAP-TAP

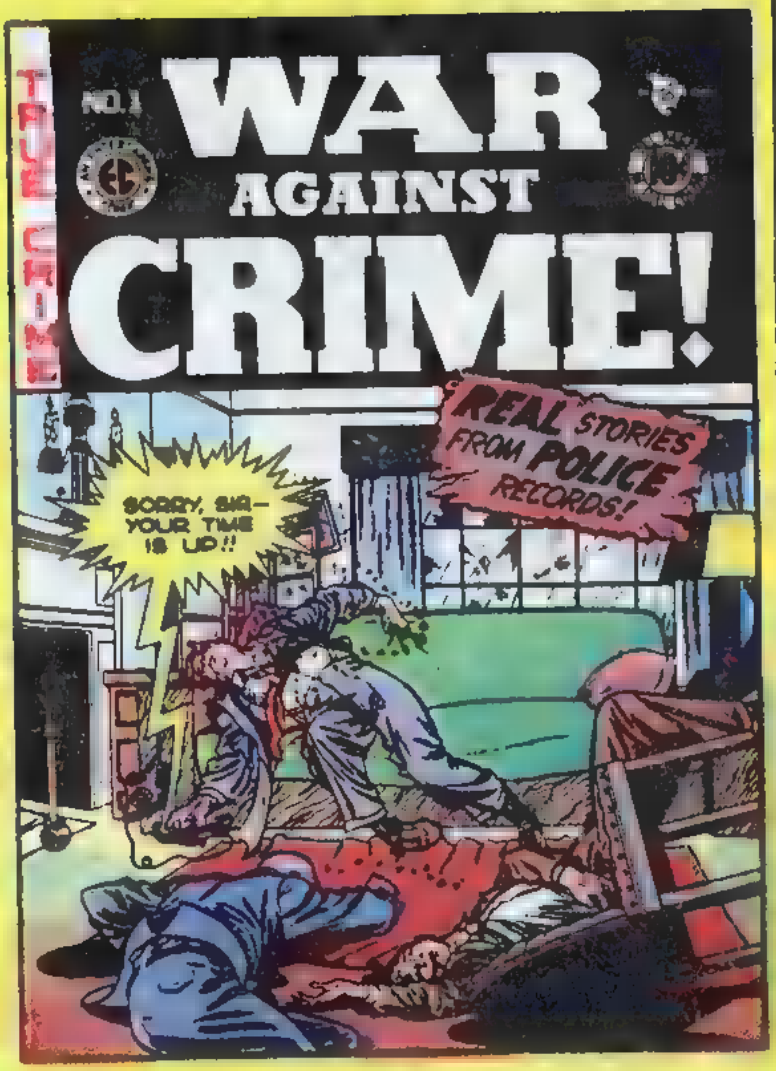
I NEVER HEARD OF SUCH A THING! WHAT SORT OF AN OPERATION WAS IT?
TAPPA-TAP-TAP-TAP
TAP-TAP!

THEY REMOVED THE BRASS RAIL THAT WAS PRESSING AGAINST HIS FOOT!!

"IT'S DYNAMITE!"

...THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE *SURE* TO SAY ABOUT THIS **BIG**, ACTION-PACKED *TRUE-CRIME* MAGAZINE!

FOR A THRILL-A SECOND, YOU CAN'T BEAT IT.



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946

of PAT & SLAT published Quarterly at New York, N. Y. for October 1, 1947

State of New York, County of New York: ss

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Frank D. Lee, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business manager of PAT & SLAT and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily, weekly, semiweekly or triweekly newspaper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Fables Pub. Co., Inc., 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.; Editor, Ivan Klepper, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.; Managing editor, None; Business manager, Frank D. Lee, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Estate of M. C. Gaines, dec'd, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.; J. K. Gelman, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.; Wm. M. Gaines, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) FRANK D. LEE, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22nd day of September, 1947

(SEAL) William E. Fernie, Notary Public (My commission expires March 30, 1948.)

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946

of FAT & SLAT published Quarterly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1947.

State of New York, County of New York: ss

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Frank D. Lee, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business manager of FAT & SLAT and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily, weekly, semiweekly or triweekly newspaper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher Fables Pub. Co. Inc. 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.; Editor, Ivan Klapper, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.; Managing editor, None; Business manager, Frank D. Lee, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Estate of M. C. Gaines, dec'd, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.; J. K. Gaines, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.; Wm. M. Gaines, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) FRANK D. LEE, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22nd day of September, 1947.

(SEAL) William E. Fernie, Notary Public. (My commission expires March 30, 1948.)

DEATH IN THE PARK!

SYNOPSIS: Investigating a telephone call which he had received from Vivian Leroy, the one-time famous actress, Jim Terry, ace reporter of the Masonville Examiner, discovers that she has carried out her threat to commit suicide! Or else she has been *MURDERED!* Jim is almost arrested by a park policeman who is about to run him into the station house when Melvin Peabody, the prominent radio magnate, intervenes on Jim's behalf with Officer Shanahan. Jim starts to leave the park, when suddenly he is forced to throw himself face-downward on the ground. A hail of bullets has been directed at him!

JIM HUGGED the ground as intently as he could, listening all the while as the bullets whistled dangerously close to his head!

ZING!

A bullet whined by and then plunged into the tree directly in front of him. But all he could do was hug the ground and remain as motionless as possible. He was totally unarmed and had no idea as to the identity of his assailant. But of this one thing Jim was certain . . . whoever was now firing at him was also the murderer of Vivian Leroy! For it seemed obvious that the killer was afraid the reporter might get on his trail! Afraid that he might dig up an important clue!

Who could have killed Vivian Leroy?

Even now, when his own life was in such jeopardy, the question gnawed at Jim Terry's brain. The shrubbery a few feet to his right was split by another bullet. Then one plowed into the grass a foot from his elbow. One more dull whine, and Jim pitched forward on his face. He lay curled up at the foot of a big tree. A gust of wind moved through his hair, but he lay still as death.

The whine of the bullets stopped as suddenly as the bombardment had begun. Jim slowly opened one eye. He'd been able to trick the killer into thinking that he had been hit! But he had to get out of the park without arousing the murderous gunman again. *That* was certain!

Then he saw Shanahan, the patrolman. He almost let out a yip of joy! A few minutes earlier he had been only too glad to get away from the big cop, but now he was thankful for the opportunity of walking by his side. For this was his best chance of getting out of the park safely! He didn't think that the killer would risk shooting at the cop. Probably Shanahan hadn't heard the sound of the gunshots, since they had been fired from a silent gun, Jim reasoned to himself. And here was Shanahan, walking about the park and trying to solve the murder of a young girl at the other end of the park . . . and all the while one had almost been committed at *this* end! He walked stolidly along the path, swinging his club as he went. Jim leaped up from his hiding place and jumped into step beside the big policeman.

"What do *you* want, again?" the Policeman growled. "It's only by the skin of ye teeth that I let you go the first time. I have a sneakin' suspicion that ye know more about this than ye'll admit! I must be lettin' kindness get the better of me judgment!"

JIM TOOK his leave of the Policeman at the entrance to the park. He immediately turned downtown and headed for a drugstore. The card he had found in Vivian Leroy's handbag bore the name of a small hotel . . . the *President*. It was an inexpensive place that catered to actors and artists who were down on their luck. Jim set out to find the place.

He expected to find one thing in the actress' room at the President. A *DOG* . . . that was what he was looking for!

Jim knew that a dog had been in the room when Vivian Leroy had called him at the Masonville Examiner earlier in the evening. He was positive of that fact, for against the sound of the woman's low voice he had heard the growling of a dog. And Jim hoped that the dog might lead him straight to the killer!

Jim was practically alone on the streets at this hour. He turned the corner and saw the shabby entrance to the *President* across the street. He hastily flicked his cigarette away and moved toward the hotel entrance. He was extremely interested in seeing Vivian Leroy's dog.

Why had Melvin Peabody, the broadcasting bigwig looked so concerned when Jim had mentioned the telephone call and the growling of a dog? Now that he thought about it, Jim remembered that the millionaire radio man had even accused Jim of *imagining* that he had heard a dog! Hmmm. Why should Peabody be so sure that Jim *hadn't* heard one?

Peabody was a mighty strange guy anyway, Jim thought to himself. He was considered unpredictable by those he knew. In fact, when Peabody had purchased the big colonial house at the edge of the park people who knew him said that was just like Peabody. There wasn't a house for blocks around. He lived practically

by himself, on an isolated spot hundreds of yards from the nearest house. He was called the "Hermit of the Park" for that reason.

People said that often he could be seen leaning out of the windows of his lonely house, listening intently to the roaring of the lions and tigers in the park's zoo, not far from his house. He was fond of the sound, he informed reporters when they had asked him about it. Made him feel as if he were off in the jungle someplace!

And there had been a scandal about Peabody not so long before. Jim wracked his brain for details of that scandal. Oh yes, he'd been accused of employing illegal means in putting several smaller radio competitors out of business. But not a thing had ever been proved against Peabody.

JIM WALKED INTO the lobby of the *President* and all thoughts of Melvin Peabody were swept from the reporter's mind. The lobby was crammed with Policemen! And Vivian Leroy's room had already been examined by them. Nothing had been found that furnished the slightest clue to the murderer!

Jim presented his press card at the desk, and casually asked the clerk:

"What's going to happen to Miss Leroy's dog?"

"Dog?" the clerk asked, looking surprised. "Miss Leroy didn't have a pooch. Besides . . . we don't allow any dogs in here. What gave you the idea that she had a dog?"

"No dog?" Jim murmured to himself. "There has to be a dog!"

He began to review the case in his own mind. "First I receive a phone call from Vivian Leroy at the Examiner. She says she's about to bump herself off. And while she's telling me that I hear a dog growling. I go to the park, where she says she is going to kill herself. And I do find her . . . but it looks to me as if she's been *MURDERED!* But if she doesn't have a dog . . . then what in the world did I hear before she . . . ?"

A smile lit up the reporter's face. He snapped his fingers under the desk clerk's nose and dashed out of the hotel door.

"I've got it!" he shouted to himself. "I know who killed Vivian Leroy! I *wasn't* wrong when I said that I heard growling over the phone . . . though I'll have to admit that it may not have been a *dog!* It came from the Zoo — from the Park Zoo! Might have been one of the Lions! And there isn't a phone nearby that Vivian Leroy could have used, because it was late and everything must have been closed. And there's only one house near enough to enable the sound of Lion's growls to be heard over a telephone! *MELVIN PEABODY'S HOUSE!*

But it wasn't to the Peabody house that Jim ran. Instead he headed for the radio station owned by the radio magnate. When he arrived he showed his press card to the receptionist and made his request. In a few minutes he was speeding back to the offices of the Masonville Examiner!

VERY SLOWLY the window in the colonial house was raised. Peabody's head leaned forward, and his eyes were wide with fright.

"Vivian!" he called in a high, shaky voice. "W-where are you, Vivian?"

There was no answer from the shrubs surrounding his house. He called out again:

"V-Vivian!"

After a few moments there was an answer. The voice of Vivian Leroy was heard to answer clearly:

"You didn't kill me — didn't kill me after all!" the low, husky voice said. "They were able to revive me at the Hospital, and I've come back! Even if it means my own death . . . I've come back to get my revenge! You *MURDERER!*

"N-no!" Peabody screamed in a high shrill. "D-don't, Vivian! I didn't mean to do it! W-where are you, Vivian? P-please come out and let me see you!"

Suddenly Peabody was silent. For a figure had come out of the shrubs . . . the figure of Jim Terry, Reporter!

"Okay!" he was saying to the three Policemen who were already sprinting toward the front door of Peabody's house. "Go up and get him, boys!"

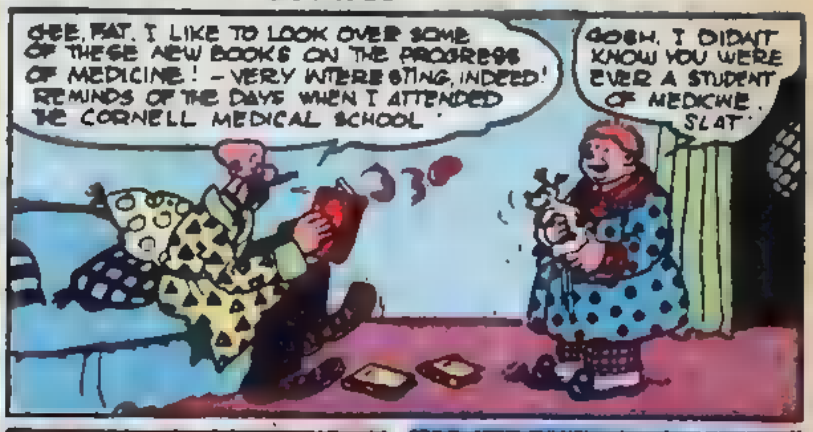
"You bet, Terry!" one of the cops shouted back over his shoulder. "Using that record was certainly a great idea!"

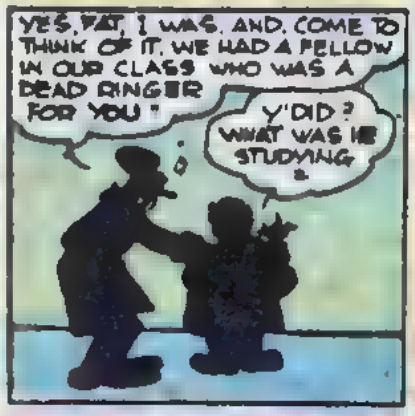
"I got the idea from Peabody, himself!" Jim answered. "He used a record from an old Vivian Leroy broadcast, himself. Found one in which she said something about committing suicide . . . and let me hear it over the telephone! Had me buffaloed for quite a while! Vivian Leroy was probably dead by the time he let me hear that recording. He murdered her and thought he'd cover himself by pretending that she was about to take her own life. Funny thing that he should have fallen for one of his own gags just now . . . a recording from his own studio!"

Jim Terry laughed to himself. He had no proof of Peabody's motive in killing the actress . . . but he could guess. Probably had to do with that lawsuit brought against Peabody the year before . . . in which he'd been charged with using illegal methods in putting competitors out of business. Vivian Leroy must have gotten information about it and tried to blackmail him. And he had chosen this way out . . . *MURDER!*

THE END

FAT and SLAT

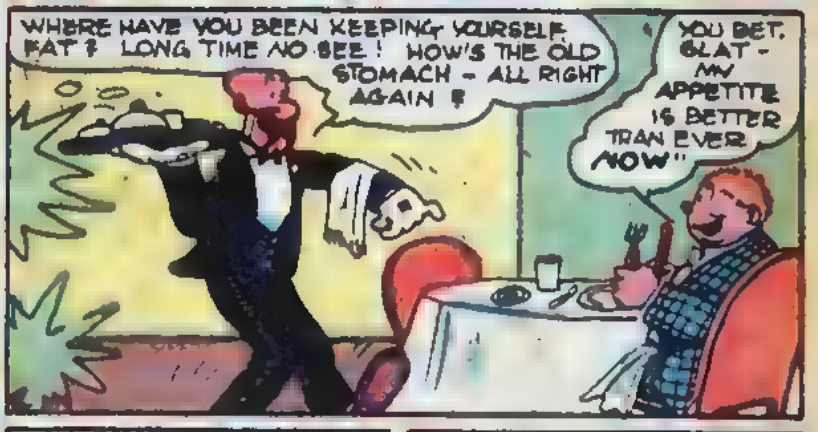

GEE, FAT, I LIKE TO LOOK OVER SOME OF THESE NEW BOOKS ON THE PROGRESS OF MEDICINE! – VERY INTERESTING, INDEED! REMINDS OF THE DAYS WHEN I ATTENDED THE CORNELL MEDICAL SCHOOL.
GOSH, I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE EVER A STUDENT OF MEDICINE, SLAT.

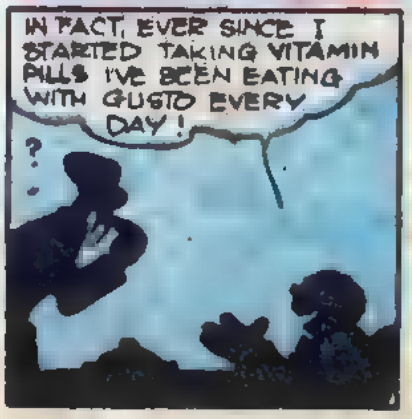

YES, FAT, I WAS. AND, COME TO THINK OF IT, WE HAD A FELLOW IN OUR CLASS WHO WAS A DEAD RINGER FOR YOU!
Y'DID? WHAT WAS HE STUDYING?

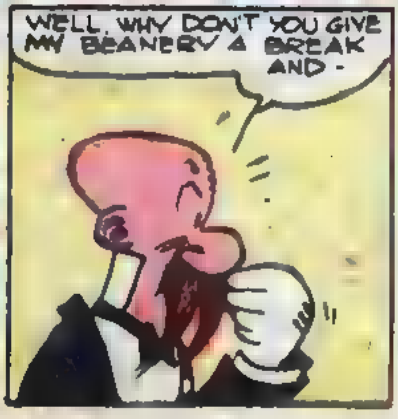
NOTHING! WE WERE STUDYING HIM!!

PLAP!
YIPE!
ZIP!

FAT and SLAT

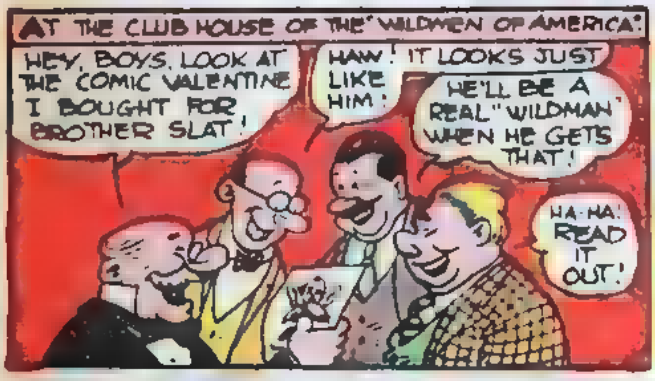

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN KEEPING YOURSELF, FAT? LONG TIME NO SEE! HOW'S THE OLD STOMACH – ALL RIGHT AGAIN?
YOU BET, SLAT – MY APPETITE IS BETTER THAN EVER NOW!!

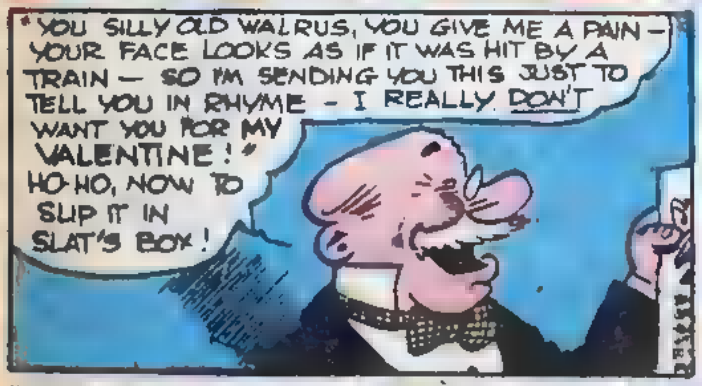

IN FACT, EVER SINCE I STARTED TAKING VITAMIN PILLS I'VE BEEN EATING WITH GUSTO EVERY DAY!
?


WELL, WHY DON'T YOU GIVE MY BEANERY A BREAK AND –

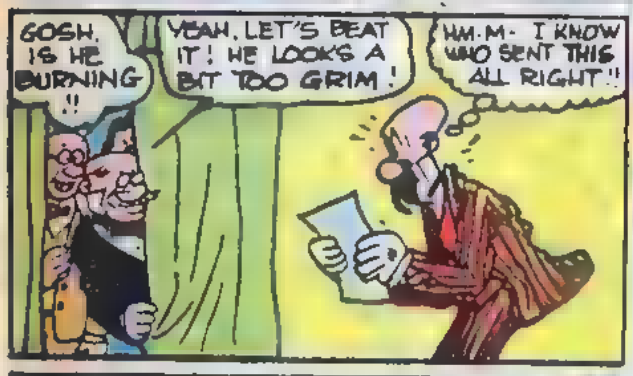
BRING HIM IN HERE FOR A FEW MEALS!?
PLOP!

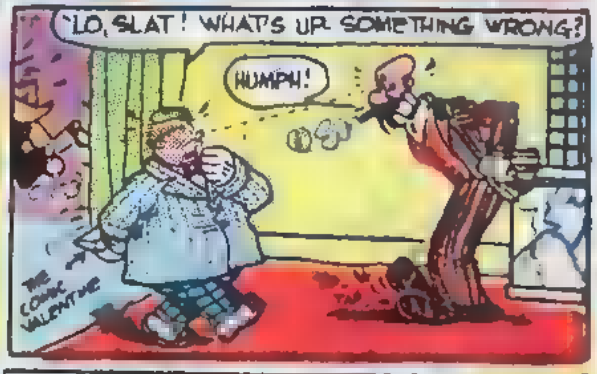
FAT and SLAT

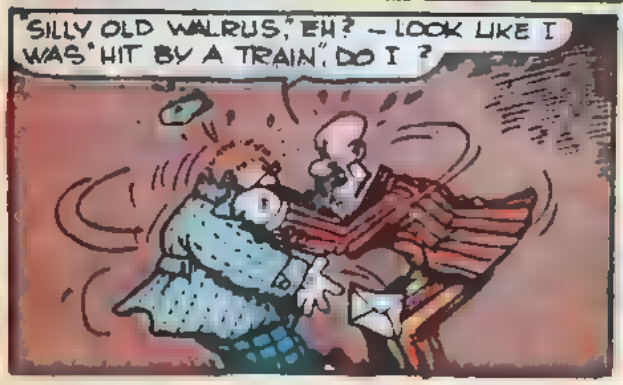

AT THE CLUB HOUSE OF THE "WILDMEN OF AMERICA":
HEY, BOYS, LOOK AT THE COMIC VALENTINE I BOUGHT FOR BROTHER SLAT!
HAW! IT LOOKS JUST LIKE HIM!
HE'LL BE A REAL "WILDMAN" WHEN HE GETS THAT!
HA-HA! READ IT OUT!


"YOU SILLY OLD WALRUS, YOU GIVE ME A PAIN — YOUR FACE LOOKS AS IF IT WAS HIT BY A TRAIN — SO I'M SENDING YOU THIS JUST TO TELL YOU IN RHYME - I REALLY DON'T WANT YOU FOR MY VALENTINE!"
HO-HO, NOW TO SLIP IT IN SLAT'S BOX!

MEANWHILE..
ALL KINDS OF VALENT
GEE WHIZ, HERE'S A COMIC VALENTINE THAT REMINDS ME OF SLAT! HA-HA- I'LL BUY IT AND STICK IT IN HIS BOX AT THE CLUB FOR A GAG!


GOSH, IS HE BURNING!!
YEAH, LET'S BEAT IT! HE LOOKS A BIT TOO GRIM!
HM-M- I KNOW WHO SENT THIS ALL RIGHT!!


"LO, SLAT! WHAT'S UP. SOMETHING WRONG?
HUMPH!
THE COMIC VALENTINE


"SILLY OLD WALRUS," EH? — LOOK LIKE I WAS "HIT BY A TRAIN", DO I?

BOY, NOW HE'S GOING PSYCHIC ON ME!!

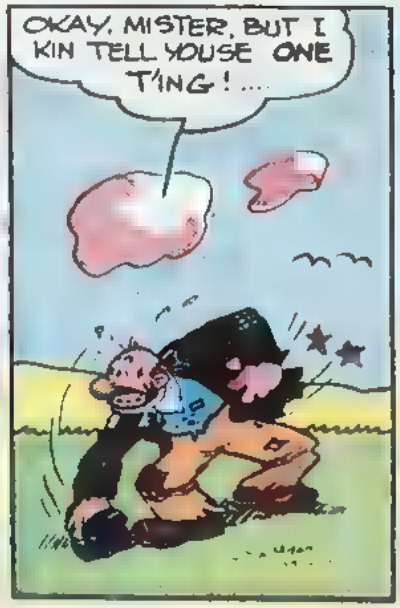
FAT
AND
SLAT

TOO BAD, SLAT!!
YEAH, - RIGHT IN THE OLD TRAP! DARN IT, I'LL NEVER GET OUT OF THAT SAND!

I'M SO MAD I COULD KICK SOMEBODY RIGHT IN THE TEETH! GOSH, THIS GAME SURE GETS A GUY'S GOAT!!
HEY, SLAT! LOOK ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BUNKER!!
Z-Z-Z

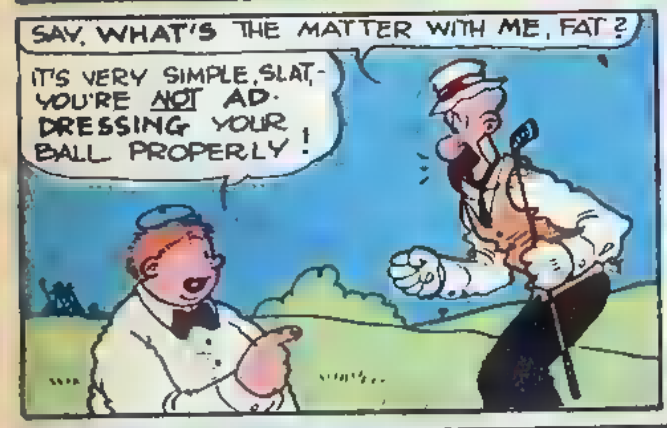
SEE HERE, YOU!! GET OFF THIS COURSE IMMEDIATELY! WE DON'T ALLOW BUMS ON THE FAIRWAY! - BEAT IT!!
WHO ARE YOUSE?

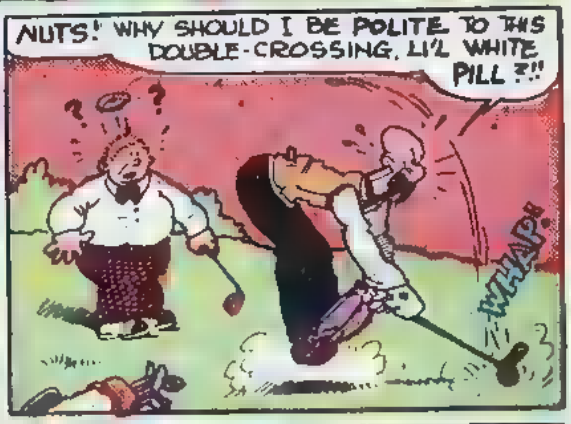
I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW I'M SECRETARY OF THIS GOLF CLUB - SO SCRAM!!
?
SIK!

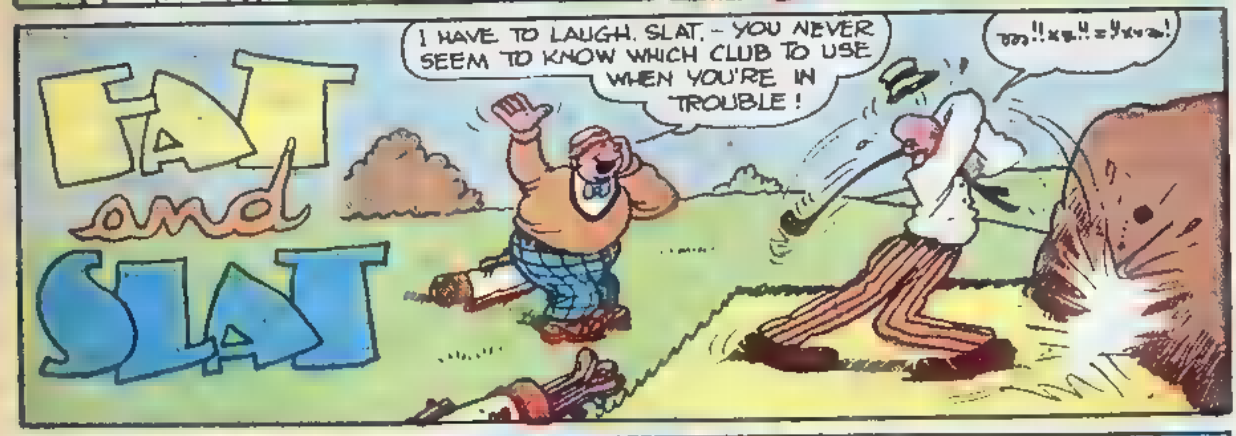

OKAY, MISTER, BUT I KIN TELL YOUSE ONE T'ING!...

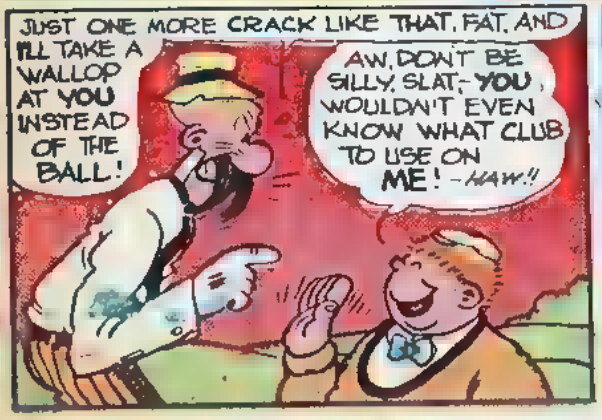
DAT'S NO WAY TO GET NEW MEMBERS!!
PLOP!
PLOP!

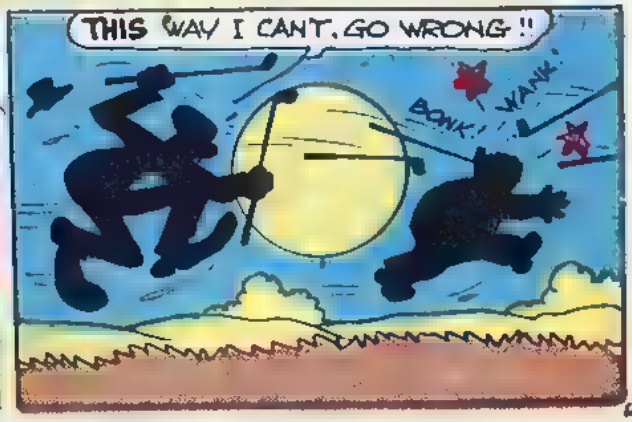
FAT and SLAT
HA-HA! YOU MISSED IT AGAIN, SLAT!
YOU BLANKETY BLANK BLANK BLANK BALL YOU, — I'LL KNOCK YOU FOR A ROW OF CADDY HOUSES IF I EVER CONNECT WITH YOU!
SWISH!


SAY, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME, FAT?
IT'S VERY SIMPLE, SLAT, - YOU'RE NOT ADDRESSING YOUR BALL PROPERLY!


NUTS! WHY SHOULD I BE POLITE TO THIS DOUBLE-CROSSING, LI'L WHITE PILL?!!
WHAP!


FAT and SLAT
I HAVE TO LAUGH, SLAT, - YOU NEVER SEEM TO KNOW WHICH CLUB TO USE WHEN YOU'RE IN TROUBLE!


JUST ONE MORE CRACK LIKE THAT, FAT, AND I'LL TAKE A WALLOP AT YOU INSTEAD OF THE BALL!
AW, DON'T BE SILLY, SLAT, - YOU WOULDN'T EVEN KNOW WHAT CLUB TO USE ON ME! - HAW!!


THIS WAY I CAN'T GO WRONG!!
BONK!
WANK!

"COMICS" McCORMICK AND THE SPACE PIRATES.

DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP, CAPTAIN – I'M COMIN'!!

THANK HEAVENS, IT'S "COMICS" McCORMICK IN BRAND NEW VITAMIN B-1!!

PLANETARY POLICE

SPAP!

PLAP!

WHAP!

BLOOIE!

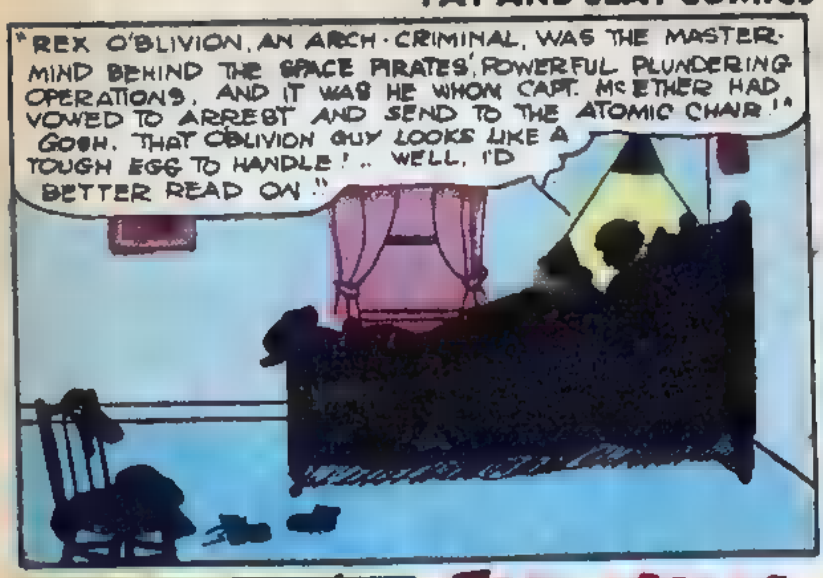
DAYDREAMING THRU SPACE IS NO EASY JOB BUT "THE WORLD'S NO.1 COMIC BOOK FAN" MANAGES TO ACCOMPLISH THIS DIFFICULT FEAT WITHOUT EVEN BATTING AN EYELASH.

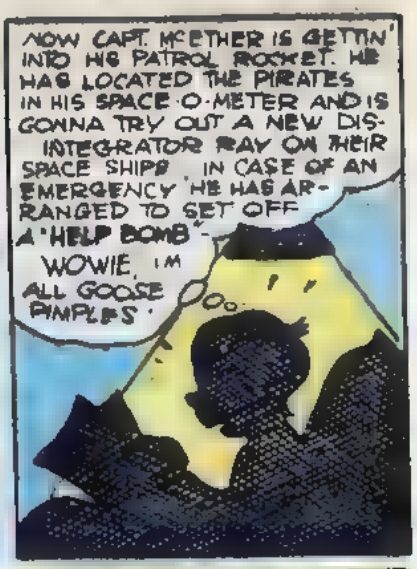
A NEW COMIC BOOK HAS HIT THE NEWS STANDS, AND OUR YOUNG HERO, "THE WORLD'S NO 1 COMIC BOOK FAN", HAS HIT THE HAY. BUT NOT FOR THE PURPOSE OF "SHUT-EYE" – QUITE THE REVERSE...

GOLLY, I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO GET INTO THIS NEW COMIC BOOK! WELL, HERE GOES!! – "THE SPACE LANES AROUND VACUUM, A PLANETOID LYING MIDWAY BETWEEN PLUTO AND THE GREAT SATELLITE, SOCCA, WERE THE FAVORITE TARGETS OF A VILLAINOUS BAND OF SINISTER SPACE PIRATES WHOSE PLANETARY PLUNDER WAS LOOTED FROM THE HUGE INTERSTELLAR TRANSPORTS AND CARGO ROCKETS CRUISING THE SPACEWAYS!" – OH, BOY, THIS IS GONNA BE RUGGED!

"THE PLANETARY POLICE UNDER CAPTAIN ETHAN McETHER WERE HELPLESS IN THE FACE OF A NEW SECRET RAY GUN CARRIED ON EVERY PIRATE SPACECRAFT."

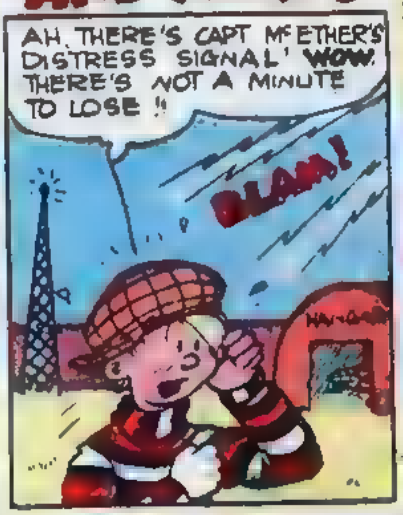
PRETTY TRICKY, EH?


"REX O'BLIVION, AN ARCH-CRIMINAL, WAS THE MASTER-MIND BEHIND THE SPACE PIRATES' POWERFUL PLUNDERING OPERATIONS, AND IT WAS HE WHOM CAPT. McETHER HAD VOWED TO ARREST AND SEND TO THE ATOMIC CHAIR!"
GOSH, THAT OBLIVION GUY LOOKS LIKE A TOUGH EGG TO HANDLE! .. WELL, I'D BETTER READ ON!!

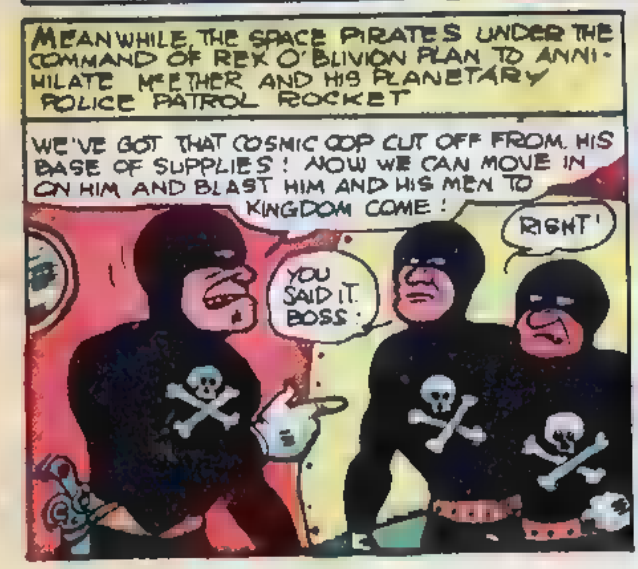

NOW CAPT. McETHER IS GETTIN' INTO HIS PATROL ROCKET. HE HAS LOCATED THE PIRATES IN HIS SPACE-O-METER AND IS GONNA TRY OUT A NEW DIS-INTEGRATOR RAY ON THEIR SPACE SHIPS. IN CASE OF AN EMERGENCY HE HAS AR-RANGED TO SET OFF A "HELP BOMB"-
WOWIE, I'M ALL GOOSE PIMPLES!

AND NOW!

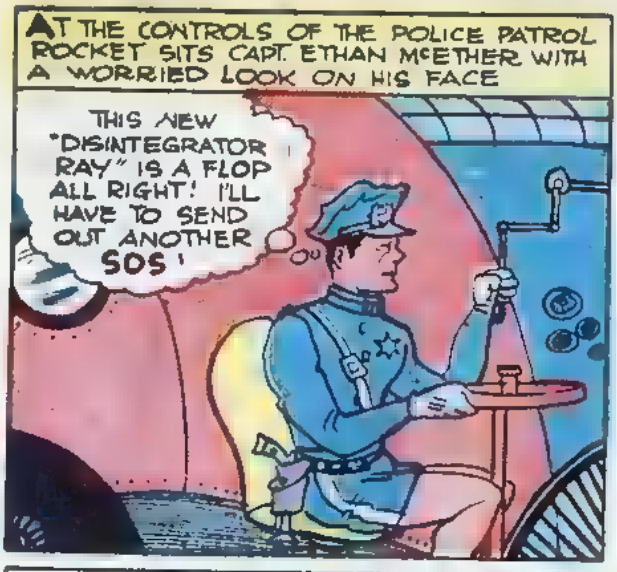
NEAR THE HOME OF "COMICS" McCORMICK, A MANHOLE COVER SUDDENLY BLOWS UP WITH A TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION ~~
BLAM!


AH, THERE'S CAPT McETHER'S DISTRESS SIGNAL! WOW, THERE'S NOT A MINUTE TO LOSE!!
BLAM!

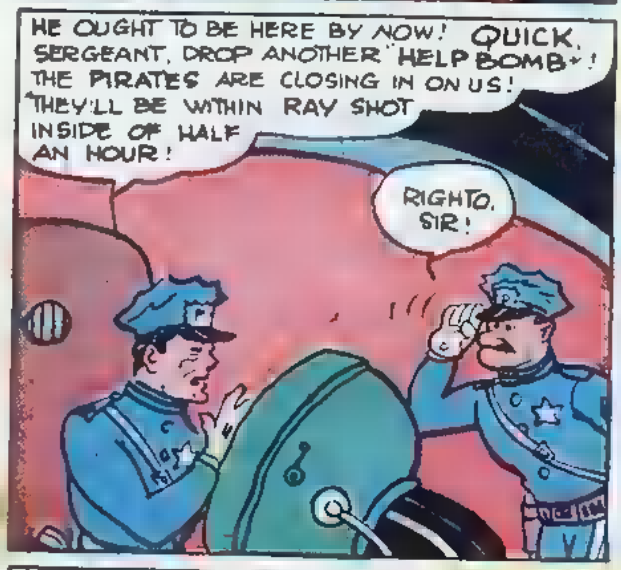
WITHOUT A MOMENT'S DELAY "COMICS" McCORMICK HURTLES THRU SPACE IN HIS SPECIALLY EQUIPPED ROCKET SHIP THE VITAMIN B-1
I'M COMIN CAPTAIN! I GOT YOUR SOS!

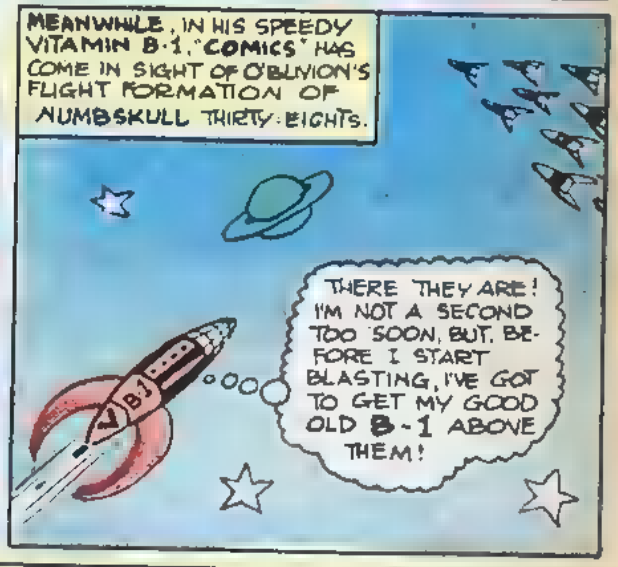

MEANWHILE, THE SPACE PIRATES UNDER THE COMMAND OF REX O'BLIVION PLAN TO ANNI-HILATE McETHER AND HIS PLANETARY POLICE PATROL ROCKET
WE'VE GOT THAT COSMIC COP CUT OFF FROM HIS BASE OF SUPPLIES! NOW WE CAN MOVE IN ON HIM AND BLAST HIM AND HIS MEN TO KINGDOM COME!
YOU SAID IT, BOSS!
RIGHT!

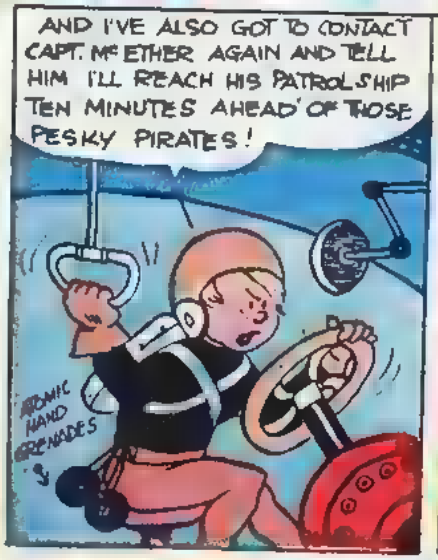
AT A SIGNAL FROM O'BLIVION THE GREAT SPACE ARMADA OF NUMBSKULL THIRTY-EIGHTS ZOOMS IN FORMATION FOR THE KILL ~~

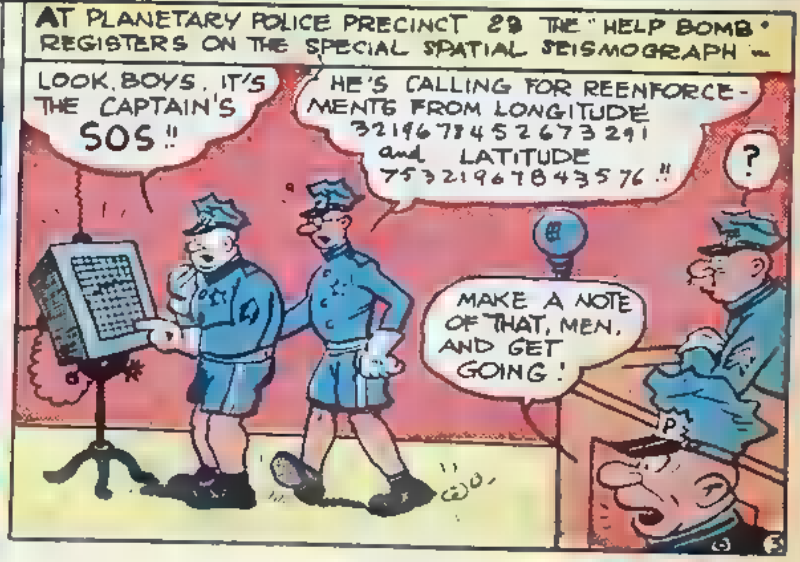

AT THE CONTROLS OF THE POLICE PATROL ROCKET SITS CAPT. ETHAN McETHER WITH A WORRIED LOOK ON HIS FACE
THIS NEW "DISINTEGRATOR RAY" IS A FLOP ALL RIGHT! I'LL HAVE TO SEND OUT ANOTHER SOS!

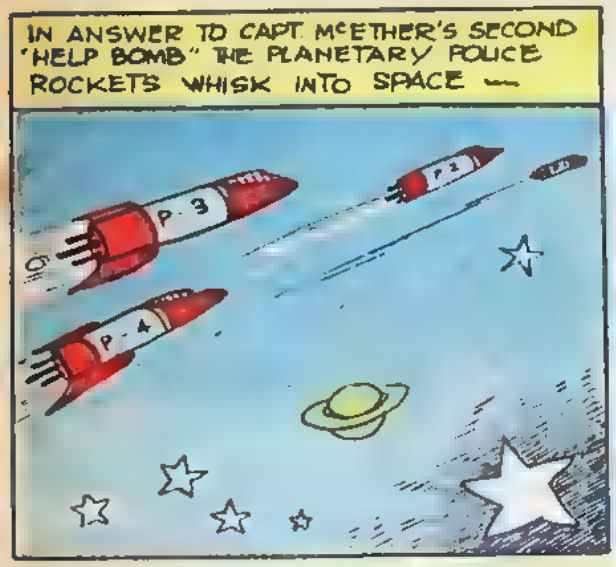
A BARE THREE MILLION MILES AWAY THE SPACE PIRATES RACE TO DESTROY CAPT McETHER'S ROCKETSHIP, BUT. WAIT.....
AH, "COMICS" McCORMICK IS RESPONDING TO OUR FIRST "HELP BOMB"! HE CAN SAVE US IF ANYONE CAN!

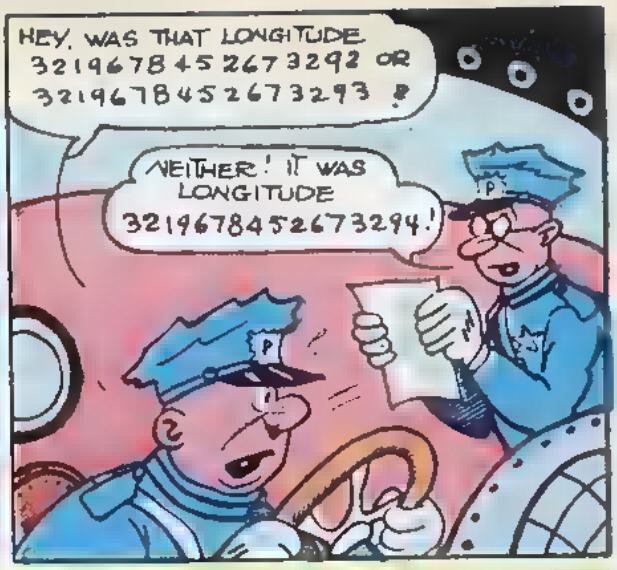

HE OUGHT TO BE HERE BY NOW! QUICK, SERGEANT, DROP ANOTHER "HELP BOMB"! THE PIRATES ARE CLOSING IN ON US! THEY'LL BE WITHIN RAY SHOT INSIDE OF HALF AN HOUR!
RIGHTO, SIR!

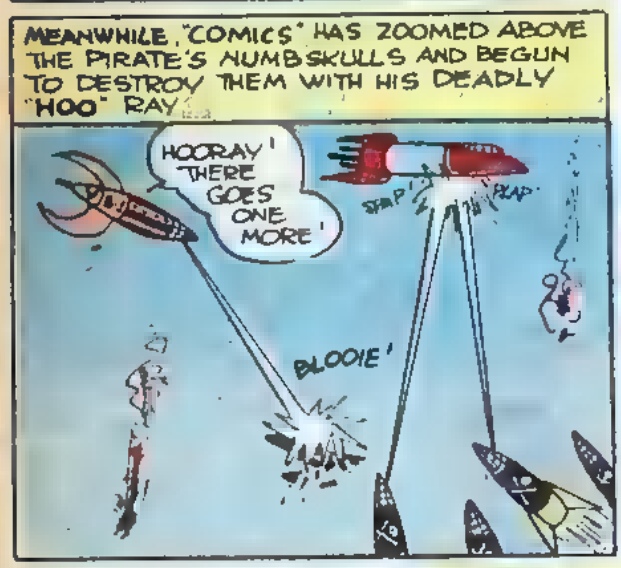

MEANWHILE, IN HIS SPEEDY VITAMIN B-1, "COMICS" HAS COME IN SIGHT OF O'BLIVION'S FLIGHT FORMATION OF NUMBSKULL THIRTY-EIGHTS.
THERE THEY ARE! I'M NOT A SECOND TOO SOON, BUT, BEFORE I START BLASTING, I'VE GOT TO GET MY GOOD OLD B-1 ABOVE THEM!

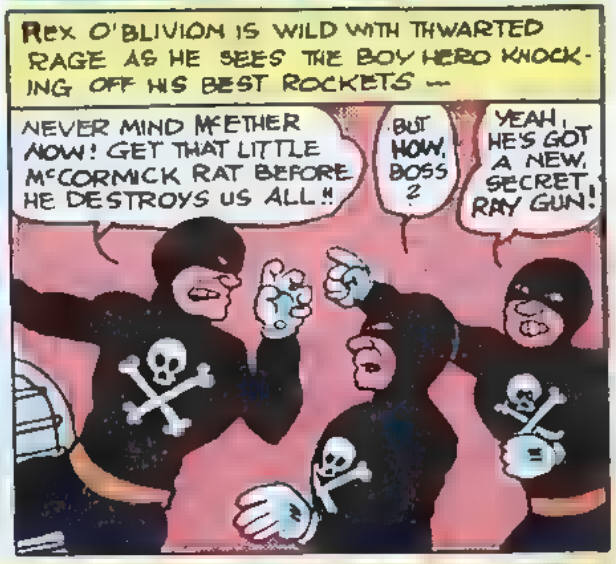

AND I'VE ALSO GOT TO CONTACT CAPT. McETHER AGAIN AND TELL HIM I'LL REACH HIS PATROLSHIP TEN MINUTES AHEAD OF THOSE PESKY PIRATES!
ATOMIC HAND GRENADES

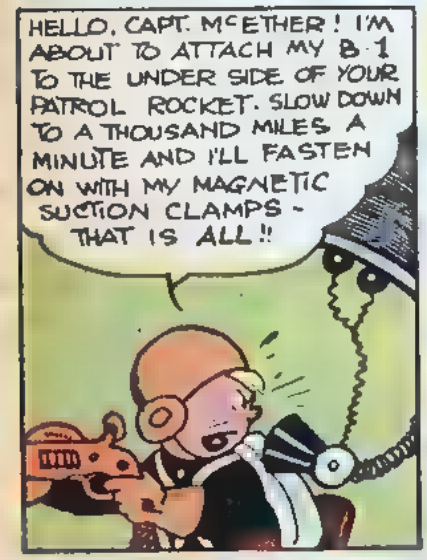

AT PLANETARY POLICE PRECINCT 29 THE "HELP BOMB" REGISTERS ON THE SPECIAL SPATIAL SEISMOGRAPH —
LOOK, BOYS, IT'S THE CAPTAIN'S SOS!!
HE'S CALLING FOR REENFORCEMENTS FROM LONGITUDE 321967845267329 1 and LATITUDE 753219678435 76!!
?
MAKE A NOTE OF THAT, MEN, AND GET GOING!

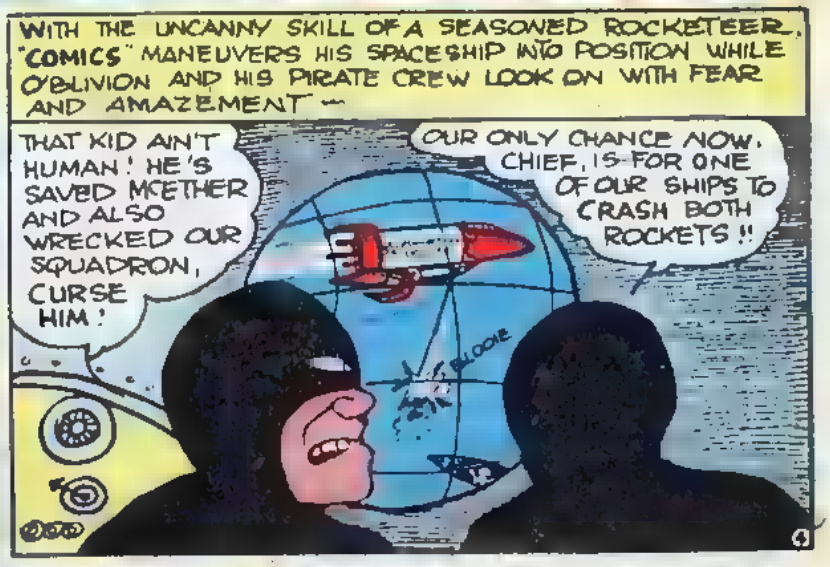

IN ANSWER TO CAPT. McETHER'S SECOND "HELP BOMB" THE PLANETARY POLICE ROCKETS WHISK INTO SPACE —
P-3
P-2
P-4

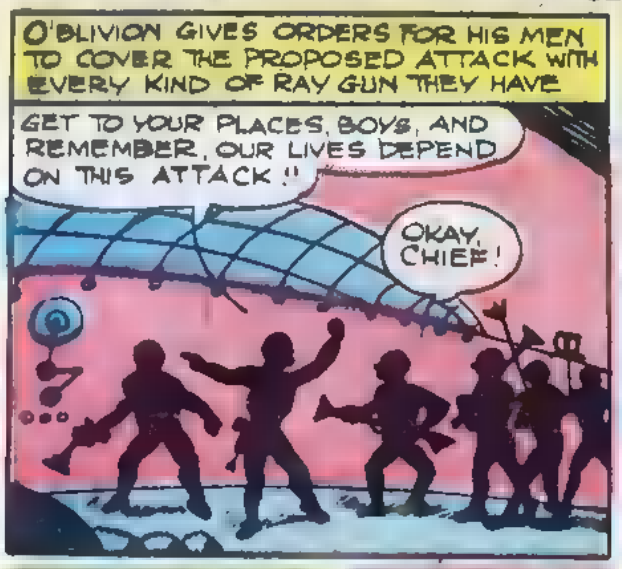

HEY, WAS THAT LONGITUDE 3219678452673292 OR 3219678452673293 ?
NEITHER! IT WAS LONGITUDE 3219678452673294!

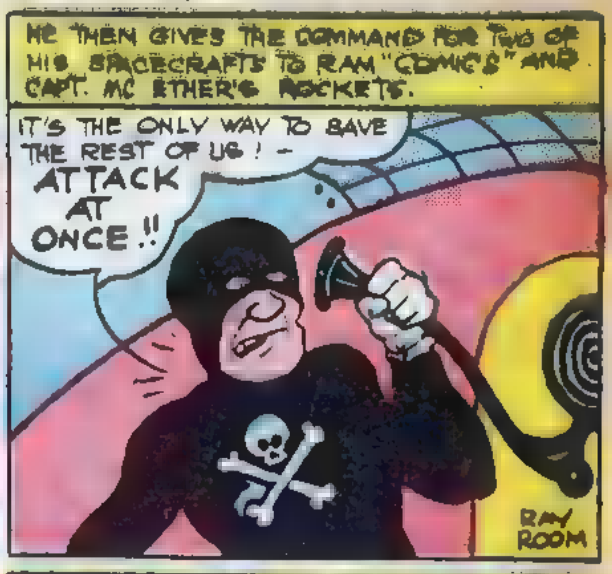

MEANWHILE, "COMICS" HAS ZOOMED ABOVE THE PIRATE'S NUMBSKULLS AND BEGUN TO DESTROY THEM WITH HIS DEADLY "HOO" RAY
HOORAY! THERE GOES ONE MORE!
SNAP!
SNAP
BLOOIE!

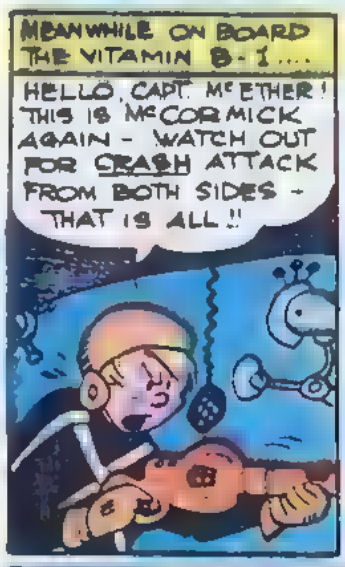

REX O'BLIVION IS WILD WITH THWARTED RAGE AS HE SEES THE BOY HERO KNOCKING OFF HIS BEST ROCKETS —
NEVER MIND McETHER NOW! GET THAT LITTLE McCORMICK RAT BEFORE HE DESTROYS US ALL!!
BUT HOW, BOSS?
YEAH, HE'S GOT A NEW, SECRET RAY GUN!


HELLO, CAPT. McETHER! I'M ABOUT TO ATTACH MY B-1 TO THE UNDER SIDE OF YOUR PATROL ROCKET. SLOW DOWN TO A THOUSAND MILES A MINUTE AND I'LL FASTEN ON WITH MY MAGNETIC SUCTION CLAMPS - THAT IS ALL!!

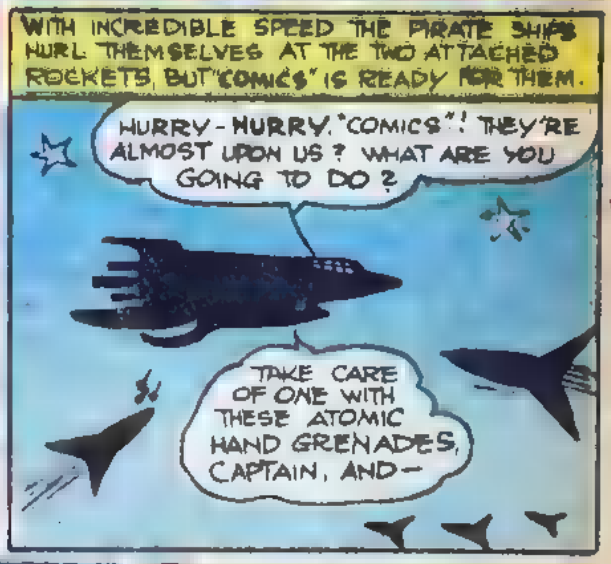

WITH THE UNCANNY SKILL OF A SEASONED ROCKETEER, "COMICS" MANEUVERS HIS SPACESHIP INTO POSITION WHILE O'BLIVION AND HIS PIRATE CREW LOOK ON WITH FEAR AND AMAZEMENT —
THAT KID AIN'T HUMAN! HE'S SAVED McETHER AND ALSO WRECKED OUR SQUADRON, CURSE HIM!
OUR ONLY CHANCE NOW, CHIEF, IS FOR ONE OF OUR SHIPS TO CRASH BOTH ROCKETS!!
BLOOIE

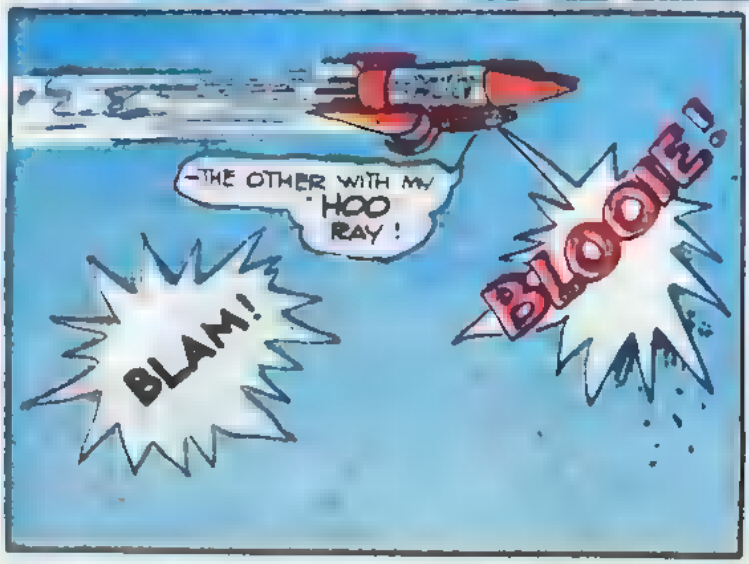

O'BLIVION GIVES ORDERS FOR HIS MEN TO COVER THE PROPOSED ATTACK WITH EVERY KIND OF RAY GUN THEY HAVE
GET TO YOUR PLACES, BOYS, AND REMEMBER, OUR LIVES DEPEND ON THIS ATTACK !!
OKAY, CHIEF!

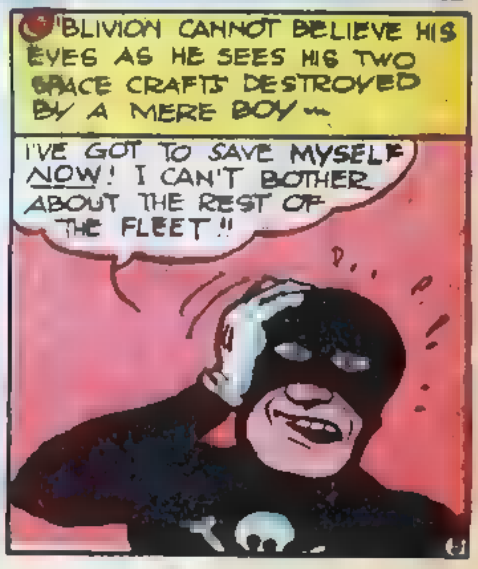

HE THEN GIVES THE COMMAND FOR TWO OF HIS SPACECRAFTS TO RAM "COMICS" AND CAPT. MC ETHER'S ROCKETS.
IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO SAVE THE REST OF US ! - ATTACK AT ONCE !!
RAY ROOM


MEANWHILE ON BOARD THE VITAMIN B-1....
HELLO, CAPT. McETHER! THIS IS McCORMICK AGAIN - WATCH OUT FOR CRASH ATTACK FROM BOTH SIDES - THAT IS ALL !!

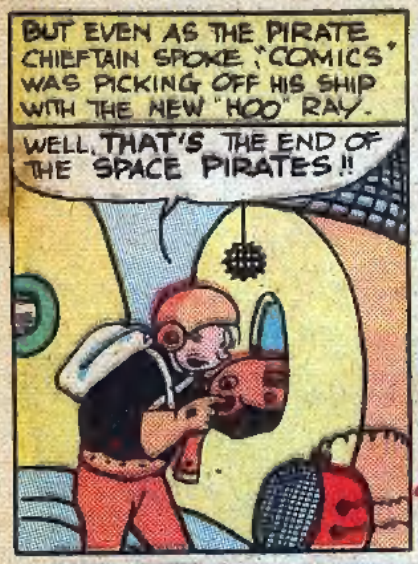
MY DISINTEGRATOR RAY ISN'T WORKING, "COMICS"! YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF BOTH ATTACKERS, YOURSELF!

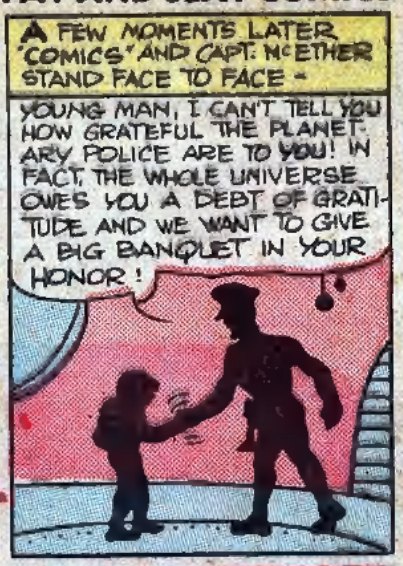

WITH INCREDIBLE SPEED THE PIRATE SHIPS HURL THEMSELVES AT THE TWO ATTACHED ROCKETS, BUT "COMICS" IS READY FOR THEM.
HURRY - HURRY, "COMICS"! THEY'RE ALMOST UPON US ? WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ?
TAKE CARE OF ONE WITH THESE ATOMIC HAND GRENADES, CAPTAIN, AND -

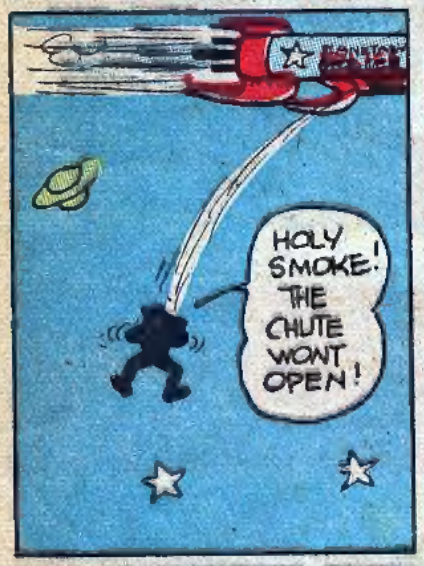

- THE OTHER WITH MY HOO RAY !
BLAM!
BLOOIE!

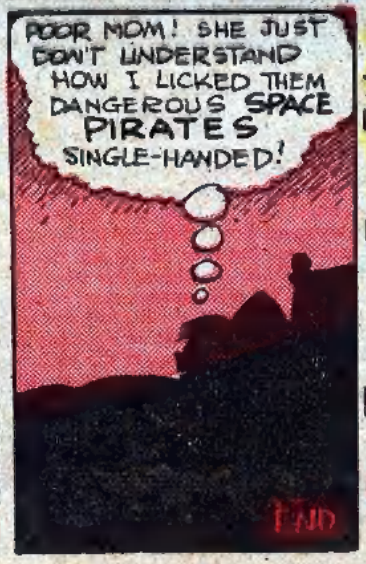

O'BLIVION CANNOT BELIEVE HIS EYES AS HE SEES HIS TWO SPACE CRAFTS DESTROYED BY A MERE BOY ...
I'VE GOT TO SAVE MYSELF NOW! I CAN'T BOTHER ABOUT THE REST OF THE FLEET !!

FAT AND SLAT COMICS









DON'T MISS "COMICS" McCORMICK AND HIS EXCITING NEW DAYDREAM IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF

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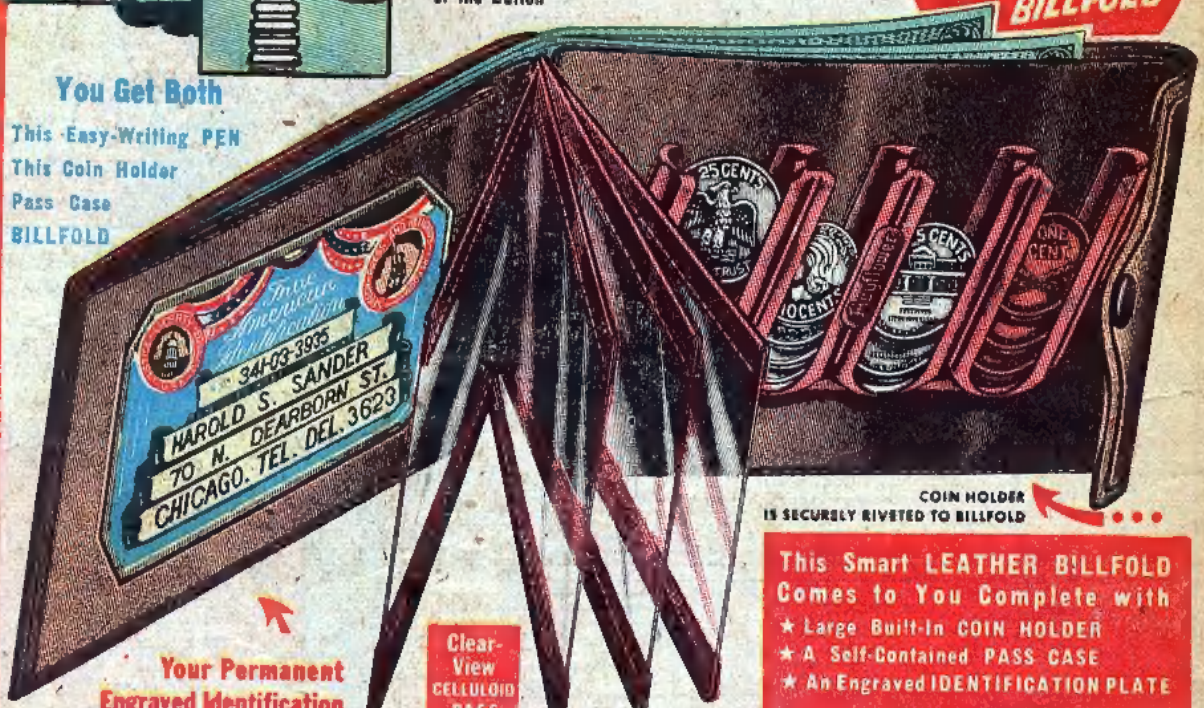

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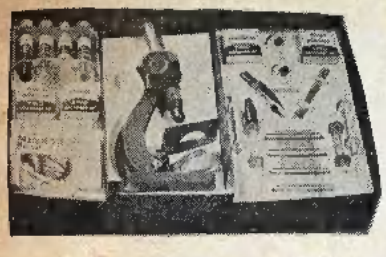

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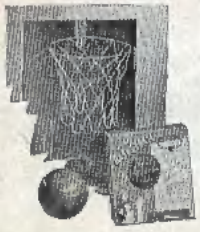

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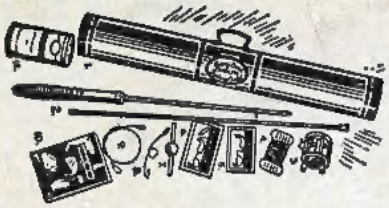

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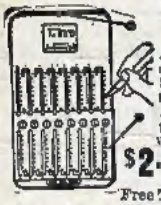

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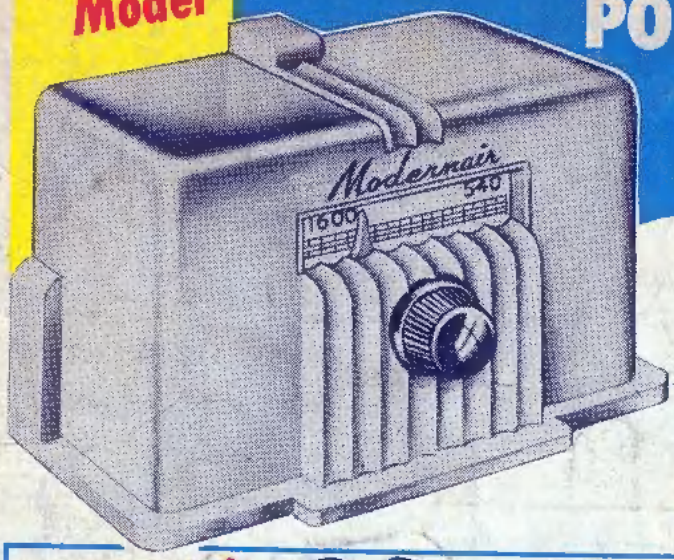

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★ Powerful VACUUM TUBE RECEPTION

Not A Toy But A Real Radio For Only

$6.95 Complete with EARPHONE and HEADPIECE

★ Costs less than 1c per hour to operate!

Included AT NO EXTRA COST

1½ VOLT "A" BATTERY
approximately 24 hours of playing life

22½ VOLT "B" BATTERY
approximately 200 hours of playing life

USE IT ANYWHERE

PRIVATE EAR-PHONE MEANS THAT YOU ALONE CAN HEAR

SMALL ENOUGH TO FIT THE PALM OF YOUR HAND

Powerful PENTODE Receiving TUBE (uses exceptionally small amount of battery current)

POWERFUL ENOUGH TO PICK UP STATIONS 100 MILES AWAY!

The Magic Of Radio In The Palm Of Your Hand!

Yes, it's here at last . . . Radio's mighty postwar midget! Look at its streamlined cabinet of lovely, lustrous plastic . . . so tiny you can hold it in the palm of your hand. Listen to its rich fidelity . . . so powerful you can tune in stations 100 miles away. Once you hear it play, you'll agree that the MODERNAIR RADIO at only $6.95 is a postwar dream come true. Yes, unbelievable as it may sound, we will send your MODERNAIR RADIO complete with personal earphone, powerful receiving tube, and two batteries for only $6.95. However, our present supply is limited and we can guarantee IMMEDIATE DELIVERY only if you ACT NOW!

CHECK THESE ULTRA-MODERN FEATURES:

- ★ Streamlined Ivory Plastic Cabinet.
- ★ Highly-Selective Tuning Dial.
- ★ Picks Up Stations Within 100 Mile Radius.
- ★ Off-and-On Switch With Silver-Plated Points.
- ★ Private Earphone Prevents Disturbing Others.
- ★ Powerful HI-MU 114 Pentode Receiving Tube.
- ★ Two Long-Life Midget Batteries.
- ★ Patented Compression-Type Condenser.

FACTORY GUARANTEED: Each radio is thoroughly checked and tested at the factory, and is fully guaranteed against defective workmanship and material.

SEND NO MONEY!

You Risk Nothing! Merely clip this ad and mail it today. Then pay postman only $6.95 plus postage on delivery. Or if you prefer, send cash, and we'll pay postage. We guarantee perfect reception if used as directed. Order yours TODAY.

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